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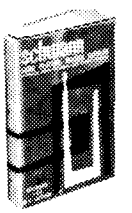

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

LBJ's Fairy Tale

★ Former budget director Kermit Gordon had a favorite jingle from Robert Frost: "Never ask of money spent/ Where the spender thinks it went./ Nobody was ever meant/To remember or invent/What he did with every cent." His wife's enthusiasm for these artless lines, Gordon used to recall wistfully, was not shared by Congress.

Congress meets next week and we get the budget shortly after. Some 100 gloomy reporters will enter the executive offices, sign their names several times for security reasons, and get a five-pound document the size of the New York telephone book. Using this as reference, they will ask informed, alert questions at a subsequent Saturday briefing, specially timed to disrupt their family life. After that they can spend the weekend studying jolly statistics, like "last 000,000 omitted."

From one approach the budget is an essay in fantasy. No President ever made predictions coincide with reality. It is a fairy tale, put together by Hans Christian Andersen, Charles Schultze, the wiry little budget director. It deals with a fiscal year 18 months off: July 1, 1967-June 30, 1968, which isn't a real year, and with soap-bubble figures of "billions," and with events you know in your heart aren't going to happen.

Furthermore, for some reason the public's attention is riveted on the so-called "administrative budget," which is a fiscal monstrosity. This is the budget which omits all the pertinent facts (like income and outgo from social security). It is the one, you remember, that wasn't supposed to go through a $100-billion ceiling, when the *real* budget (National Income Accounts – NIA) had been above that ceiling for years. In January 1963, Jack Kennedy told Congress that he was going to try to shift attention over to the NIA budget "that provided a much more complete picture of governmental activities and finances than the administrative budget." But Mr. Johnson did not follow it up; it seemed easier to play the budget game by the old rules.

Most newspapers this year will have scarelines heralding a big deficit, followed, in most of them, by anxious editorials warning that we must cut "non-essentials" (like the war on poverty). It will be the signal for the first great GOP attack. The validity of the attack is questionable. First, most denunciations will be based on the administrative budget rather than the realistic NIA budget. (This, alas, will show a deficit, too, but less frightening.) Second, the real issue, as economist Paul Samuelson notes, isn't whether the budget is balanced or unbalanced, but whether it is *inflationary* or *deflationary*. And now we come to the heart of the matter. The budget (NIA, that is) will be fascinating because LBJ will have to reveal how he will deal with a really tricky problem.

The Spinning Top

★ President Johnson, we now know, made a mistake last January. He should have raised taxes. He didn't. He underestimated the cost of Vietnam by $9-billion or $10 billion. He may also have been thrown off balance by the way the Federal Reserve Board jumped interest rates. Anyway, he is now faced with a ticklish decision. After six years the spinning top of America's longest peacetime boom is beginning to wobble. Higher taxes may well throw it skittering across the floor in a recession. On the other hand, not to raise taxes, with a big NIA budget deficit, may continue the inflation we had in 1966.

The thing is so delicately poised that the liberal economists are split: Galbraith and Heller still say "raise taxes"; Samuelson and most of the others say, "Don't, it's too late."

One thing can be set down affirmatively, dogmatically and finally. The US is rich enough to have guns and butter, too. Quite irrespective of the morality of Vietnam, America can pay the costs of it without having to diminish the war on poverty. It is not an either/or question at all. We shall know in a week or two now, from Mr. Johnson's budget, whether Vietnam will be used as a cover to stint the poor.

Manchester and Hunt

★ We have managed to remain reasonably relaxed about the Manchester book, *Death of a President*. Reporters who actually worked with Kennedy remember him fondly, we think, as a human being, not an idol. We accepted the findings of the Warren Report. We have found nothing in the criticisms of the report since then to change our views. Jacqueline Kennedy is a brave and lovely woman but she is human, too. The Kennedys patronized Lyndon Johnson, the heir-apparent, and when the impossible happened at Dallas they transferred their shock and hysteria, temporarily at least, into grievance. Mrs. Kennedy, one source says, couldn't abide to have Mr. Johnson call her "Honey." Some analysts say this book will damage the President politically. We doubt it. Of course the quarrel has hurt everybody, Lyndon, Bobby, Mrs. Kennedy and the whole Kennedy cult. But we doubt if this is of lasting moment. There is a morbid fascination in reading about the assassination and the widow and all that, and publishing fortunes will continue to be made from such writings.

We frequently start the day right by listening to billionaire H. L. Hunt's anti-communist "Life Line"; as stimulating as a cold shower though not, perhaps, in the way senior sentinel Hunt intended. "The communists," we heard the other day, "have devised a master music plan especially for high school students, to produce degrees of artificial neurosis and to prepare them for riot and ultimate revolution – riot and revolution to destroy our American form of government and the basic Christian principles governing our way of life." Yes, you guessed it, rock 'n' roll. "This music is but part of the communists' diabolical scheme to cause humans to revert to savagery!" Don't believe us? – Send $1 to Life Line, Washington 1, D. C., for "Freedom Talk" No. 40, and you will get 14 copies of this collector's item.

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Sorry 'Bout That

The Secretary of State and the Secretary of Defense and numerous subordinates wish they could supply us with some reasonably accurate estimates of civilian casualties in South Vietnam, but they can't, it is beyond them. They have even less information on casualties in the north caused by our air raids. For evidence on that matter, we must rely on what Hanoi claims, supplemented by reports just beginning to come in from the few credible American correspondents admitted to the north. The first of these, Harrison Salisbury of *The New York Times*, reported last week that contrary to initial Pentagon denials, our planes have caused extensive damage in and around Hanoi to civilians, to their homes, and their places of work. We are bombing more than bridges, rail yards and infiltration routes.

The most plausible explanation for the paucity of official news on civilian casualties, especially in the south, is that the Washington and Saigon bureaucracies are not terribly keen to get the news and publicize it. The American image has been marred enough by those sickening wire service photographs of burned children and women weeping over their dead. The officials do, of course, keep us posted on almost everything else in Vietnam. We know, for example, that 4,822,000 metric tons of rice were harvested in South Vietnam for the year '65-66 (most of it in the delta region, large parts of which are under *Viet Cong* control). We learn, every hour on the hour, precisely how many enemy ("communist") bodies have been counted (158,000 enemy casualties reported by the Pentagon from 1961 to December 15, 1966). We are given exact figures on how many Vietnamese cast their votes, and for whom, in an election. We are told how many hamlets have been "pacified," how many not. We have figures on the number of hospitals, on the cost of the war ($332,000 for each enemy soldier killed in this fiscal year). But despite the computers, the intelligence gathering sources of Saigon and the US, the presence of nearly 400,000 GIs, the AID advisers, the CIA and all the rest, it is not possible to find out how many civilians have been killed and wounded in South Vietnam.

The question has been asked. In February of last year, Senator Claiborne Pell wondered why it was so difficult to get any reliable statistics. Secretary Rusk replied: "I just don't know. I have not myself seen any such figures." On April 20, during the Senate Foreign Relations Committee interrogation of Secretary McNamara, the question was again put by Senator Pell. Mr. McNamara replied: "I re-

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ceived a report from General Westmoreland this morning just before coming over here which stated that the total number of civilians killed inadvertently through US military operations in South Vietnam amounted to 137." Queried as to considerably larger estimates of civilian casualties that have been made, Mr. McNamara quoted from Westmoreland's cable: "There is no evidence to support those larger claims."

Several weeks later, on May 11, Mr. McNamara again came before the Foreign Relations Committee and again referred to the original Westmoreland figure of 137. "Now, I am not at all sure of the accuracy of those figures," the Secretary added, and he had therefore "sent General McCown of my own Inspector General's office to South Vietnam to make a commonsense check of them. . . . I would be very happy to see that you receive a copy of that report. It will probably be two to three weeks before it is available." The report was not available within two or three weeks, but in July the committee received a "standby" letter from Adam Yarmolinsky, then Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense. That was followed on August 19 by a second letter from Mr. Yarmolinsky to Senator Pell, which said in effect that no meaningful statistics were at hand, but that the civilian casualties – however caused – were minimal.

Senator Fulbright was unsatisfied. On August 24 he shot off an angry letter to Mr. Yarmolinsky which said in part: "Your letter to Senator Pell was not very helpful and I must say that it is difficult for me to understand why estimates, at the minimum, are not available. The Department of Defense and the Agency for International Development seem to have statistics available on every conceivable facet of our military and AID operations in Vietnam which tend to back up established Executive Branch policies. . . . There does not seem to be any lack of statistics on Viet Cong or North Vietnamese inflicted casualties, according to paragraphs of your letter." Fulbright then asked:

"1. Has the South Vietnamese government at any time made any announcements concerning the civilian casualties, other than those for which the Viet Cong or the North Vietnamese were held responsible?

"2. Are civilians ever treated at South Vietnamese or US military hospitals? If so, are records kept on the numbers treated and the type and origin of their wounds?

"3. Do civilian hospitals keep records of those they treat who are suffering from war injuries? Have our officials attempted to obtain this information?

"4. Do the medical teams supported through the AID program ever treat war casualties? If so, are records kept and made available to the Department of Defense?

"5. Are records available concerning indemnity claims for war injuries filed against either the South Vietnamese government or the United States?"

Senator Fulbright concluded: "War is a deadly and dirty business which always results in the death of many innocent people. I see no reason for the Defense Department to try to deny this simple fact insofar as our operations have resulted in civilian casualties. I hope the Department will take another look at this problem and furnish the committee with information which is more realistic than that provided to date."

A week later, Mr. Yarmolinsky answered. He was "deeply troubled" by Fulbright's implication that the Department was not "gravely concerned about this problem." He said that "when Secretary McNamara told your committee three months ago that we had been unable to identify more than 380 casualties, he made it clear that this figure bore only a random relationship to the total number of civilian casualties. The fact that we have been able to identify almost half this number in recent weeks suggests to me that we are doing better in focusing attention on a problem that all of us agree deserves the highest attention."

Attached to the August 31 Yarmolinsky letter was a "Memorandum on Civilian Casualties" which addressed itself to Fulbright's five questions. The Memorandum stated that "a thorough search of available records" indicates that the South Vietnamese government has made no announcements concerning civilian casualties, other than those for which the Viet Cong or the North Vietnamese were held responsible. It said that "civilians are treated in military hospitals only in exceptional circumstances," that "unfortunately, available Vietnamese hospital records make no distinction between paramilitary force and civilian patients," and "as concerns the total numbers treated in civilian hospitals, GVN [South Vietnam] paramilitary force casualties undoubtedly make up a substantial portion of those patients hospitalized as war casualties."

The Memorandum said that civilian hospitals do not keep records of those being treated for war injuries. It added that "casualty statistics at provincial hospitals should slowly improve as the US and Free World continue to augment the GVN treatment capability through the AID-supported Military Public Health Augmentation Program [MILPHAP]."

Responding to Fulbright's question about whether medical teams supported through the AID program ever treat war casualties, the Memorandum said that here again "records are not meaningful." "Indemnification of South Vietnamese civilians," it concluded, "is made for both combat and non-combat related incidents." "During the calendar year 1965, the Republic of Vietnam received approximately 11,000 claims nationwide," and "over the 12-month period ending 30 April 1966, 1,881 claims were filed [against the US

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under the provisions of the United States Foreign Claims Act] and 1,324 were approved." Awards amounted to $235,913. That, officially, is all we know so far, which isn't much.

There have been, of course, unofficial estimates. The AP reported last December 22 that "figures from Vietnamese and American public and private sources indicate that this year's civilian death toll has averaged about 1,000 a month, with at least three times that many wounded." The AP cited one instance of a US-conducted, one-day check last fall, which showed that "more than 1,600 of nearly 10,000 patients in 60 hospitals were being treated for wounds connected with war. Not included were the hundreds of civilians cared for at provincial dispensaries, village aid stations, and at home." On December 26, 12 Catholic, Protestant and Jewish clergymen told President Johnson that, "the heartless war in the south continues with United States and South Vietnamese forces matching the terror and assassinations of the Viet Cong by killing somewhere from two to five civilians for every Viet Cong guerrilla or North Vietnamese regular." They accused the President of "lack of candor" in reporting the facts.

When it became known recently that American bombs had been hitting civilian targets in the north and that civilians had lost their lives as a result, General Eisenhower contributed a unique comment. He knew, he said, that our "operations are aimed exclusively at military targets, but unfortunately there are some civilians around these targets." "Is there any place in the world," he wondered, "where there are not civilians?" The Pentagon reacted to the disclosure by suggesting that it was Hanoi's fault, since they "deliberately emplace their air defense sites, their disbursed POL (petroleum, oil, lubrication) sites, their radar and other military facilities in populated areas, and indeed, sometimes on the roofs of government buildings." And Secretary McNamara, at a holiday gathering with a cluster of reporters, recalled that when he served in World War II he learned that bombs never go where they're aimed. Twenty years later, he added affably, the state of the art has improved: now bombs occasionally go where they're aimed.

Pictures in Our Minds

The United States is prepared to fight a major war with China. So says an *NBC News* documentary, seen by millions, called "The Battle for Asia." It describes Southeast Asia as "a ruthless tangle of animosities, more unfathomable and bitter than the mountaineer feuds of the Kentucky hills," where "no neighbors are friends" and "a thousand scores remain unsettled." Americans are fighting there, in Vietnam and Thailand, and "the simple fact is we can't stop now." Why not? Because, says *NBC News*, the region tempts "700 million Chinese neighbors who are short of food and resources, in addition to embracing a political creed that demands they conquer the world." That is why the US is putting billions of dollars into military installations in Thailand, "the most succulent country in Southeast Asia." Also, "most of our air war against North Vietnam is flown from Thailand," where "not since the Japanese were guests of the Thais during World War II has there been so much military activity and construction." It's all part of the build-up against China, the *NBC News* documentary explains; "the 35,000 American troops today in Thailand are making it into a US bastion in the Battle of Asia," and in this battle "Thailand is our ally . . . to escape Chinese domination."

The documentary insists that "Thailand, like Vietnam, is under attack by an Asiatic brand of communism, resolved that its expansion is inevitable, its violent methods irresistible." In the script, however, 700 million Chinese crunching on Thai succulence soon dwindle to 4,000 Vietnamese (out of 40,000 living in Thailand) who are said to be waging guerrilla warfare against the Bangkok government in nine northeast provinces which are called "the Appalachia of Thailand" because "the rice yield is 40 percent below the national average." Lest this disclosure breed doubt, the NBC documentary sturdily contends that "what makes this battle different from Vietnam is that the Thai government is both concerned and capable" and is "trying to reinforce its military operations by befriending the people." How? The documentary proceeds: "As the children meet their government for the first time, their playground becomes a landing zone for US helicopters carrying US armed and advised Thai soldiers. . . . In this and other military operations, 10 percent of the total Thai population has been arrested, imprisoned, sent to rehabilitation centers or shot on the spot"; "The youngest communist prisoner is 18 months old."

In the circumstances, *NBC News* has to admit that "Thailand, once called Siam, is not a democracy or even a free country," but "is run by a military oligarchy" that for seven years has kept rejecting drafts of a new constitution because the drafts have all been "too democratic." However, "most Thais seem to like things the way they are"; perhaps because, according to *NBC News*, "opportunism is . . . part of Asia's culture" and "violence and pain have been developed to an art form in Asia."

One of China's neighbors that acts as if it were more scared of us than of China is Cambodia. NBC's documentary explains: "In the course of the war in Vietnam, American planes have sometimes attacked Cam-

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bodia," which broke relations with the US in 1965 and turned the former US Embassy and our former AID headquarters into schools. Puzzling to NBC, the Cambodians, despite their defiance of us, seem flourishing: "The perplexing thing about Cambodia is that after having broken all relations with us, and becoming friendly with our enemies, it still remains stable, prosperous, peaceful and independent . . . just about everything we would like to see our Asian allies become, and which most of them are not." Turns out that "our enemies" are not only the Chinese, who have given the Cambodians factories, but the Russians and the French, who have chipped in with a modern technical center, and a whole new seaport. We don't know how many Americans are swallowing NBC's three-part documentary on "The Battle for Asia," but we rather suspect that any Asian who might accidentally see it will throw up.

Shriver Comes Across

The Child Development Group of Mississippi has won, for the second year running, what may become an annual fight for funds from the Office of Economic Opportunity. It was something of a rout. As both sides retire in utter exhaustion from the three-month campaign, CDGM finds it will get $8 million in antipoverty grants for a year-round Head Start program in 17 counties. The OEO will get two cheers from liberal, church and labor organizations for finally yielding to the pressure.

Sargent Shriver's poverty warriors had been insisting all along that CDGM was unfit to run the largest Head Start program in the country: its finances were muddled, civil rights workers had infiltrated, and the whole operation had an aura of "black power" about it. As an antidote, the OEO set up other Head Starts in Mississippi that were presumably spic-and-span and sat well with the White House, which was anxious to see its own brand of "moderates" take over politics in the state. Moreover, the abandonment of CDGM was particularly pleasing to Sen. John Stennis, who found the phenomenon of poor Negroes gaining power in his home state unsettling. At the very least, he wanted them controlled by Washington.

But in the course of its frantic year-and-a-half of existence, CDGM had won itself a number of friends. In Mississippi alone, there are thousands of poor people who work for CDGM (there were 120 centers last summer) and many thousands more whose children benefit. More than that, the schools became focuses for organizing the black communities. Sharecroppers who never thought it was possible to escape the constraints of plantation feudalism found a kind of freedom by participating in a variety of CDGM activities.

Beyond Mississippi, the fight to get another grant for CDGM excited Northern liberals as few antipoverty projects could do. It was, as Shriver himself once said, the best Head Start in the country, and in some ways the one program of any kind that came closest to fulfilling the larger goals of the war on poverty: "maximum participation" of poor people in programs designed to give them a share of the power they lack. When it appeared late last summer that OEO would end all that, the Northern coalition swung to CDGM's defense. The campaign was directed by the Citizens Crusade Against Poverty, formed by Walter Reuther and (originally, at least) funded by the United Auto Workers.

The Citizens Crusade shot off a delegation of big-name liberals to Mississippi as a "committee of inquiry" into OEO's charges; they returned with hard documentation that the charges were untrue or insignificant. Picket lines of ministers, Mississippi Negroes, or simply agitated Washington housewives were thrown around OEO headquarters. Pressure came from the United Church of Christ, which is involved in social action programs in many urban areas, and from the Presbyterians, who oversee the operations of the small Negro college in Mississippi which technically receives the poverty grant for CDGM. Congressmen and senators (such as Jacob Javits, the ranking Republican on the Public Welfare Committee – which controls OEO legislation) put in their words for the Head Start program. The Americans for Democratic Action supported it, and Joseph L. Rauh Jr., the veteran liberal activist, signed on as special counsel for CDGM.

In Mississippi, the people voted, in a sense, with their feet. So few went over to OEO's substitute for CDGM, called Mississippi Action for Progress, that after two months (and $3 million) MAP is operating only five centers in two counties, with about 100 children in attendance. CDGM's people, however, kept some 60 centers open on a completely voluntary basis, with no federal funds, for about 4,000 youngsters. Delegations streamed into Jackson to lobby for refunding of their local CDGM's, and at one point 5,000 people came to a rally in Jackson, in one of the biggest Negro demonstrations the state had ever seen.

It was all getting to be too much for Shriver, the OEO staff and the administration. Poverty officials complained that they spent so much time on CDGM they had no time for the other hundreds of programs they are supposed to administer. The controversy brought morale at the agency to its lowest point; employees circulated a petition of support for CDGM, and they crowded a large in-house meeting to protest OEO's behavior. Shriver was crushed by a full-page ad in *The New York Times*, signed by many of those

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who were his natural allies, which pleaded "Say It Isn't So, Sargent Shriver." He told associates he was now in the same dust heap as Shoeless Joe Jackson. And then, in early December, Vice President Humphrey promised a meeting of the National Council of Churches, in Miami, that he would see what he could do about getting CDGM some money.

Teams of negotiators for OEO, Mississippi, and a "citizens committee" put together by the Crusade Against Poverty, began working out an agreement. One by one, OEO's demands fell. At the end, in a negotiating session that lasted into the night of December 16, Shriver (by phone with his staff negotiator, Jule Sugarman) agreed to let CDGM have what it wanted, and a little more. Humphrey was on the phone, too, pushing for a settlement. To save OEO's face, the Mississippians agreed to let a management consulting firm oversee operations for three months, and promised to add three new white members to its board of directors (there will be 16 Negroes). But CDGM was allowed to have centers in more counties than it expected, as well as a larger sum of money than it thought possible, and it won its case to retain the director, John Mudd, and the board chairman, the Rev. James McRee. If the CDGM proposal is approved as expected, it will continue much the same as in the past year.

From the very beginning, CDGM has seemed to exemplify all the promises and problems of the war on poverty. The question raised during its first summer of operation, in 1965, is still unresolved: can the federal bureaucracy allow – in fact, pay for and promote – major social reform? This fall, the CDGM campaign revealed, like heat applied to invisible writing, what had happened to the Great Society consensus: the liberals, labor, the big church groups, and the militant civil rights groups were suddenly opposing the administration and the most ambitious of its agencies. What happens in CDGM from now on will test the durability of the "perfect coalition" of Northern middle-class militants and Southern poor Negroes.

State of the Economy

As the administration moves into the final stages of preparing its budget and economic report, the prospect is that escalation in Vietnam will be matched by escalation of domestic economic problems.

The economic impact of Vietnam has proceeded in two stages. The first started with the acceleration of the war in the first quarter of 1965 and proceeded for about 15 months. Sparked by the tax cut and kindled by orders for war goods, the increase in Gross National Product during this period averaged $15.4 billion (annual rates). In the two quarters since March 1966, GNP increases have averaged $12.4 billion. But in recent months the tapering-off has been such that some business forecasters even talk of a recession in 1967.

The wider war in Asia has been accompanied by a number of distortions in our economy. Thus, from the last quarter of 1964 through the third quarter of 1966, unemployment went down from about five percent of the work force to under four percent. But Negro unemployment increased proportionately, from two, to two-and-one-half times the rate for the work force as a whole. In some cities unemployment among Negro youth is estimated at 30 percent for males and 40 percent for females.

The emphasis on monetary policy to curb inflationary pressures has contributed to a reduction in housing starts, which are now at their lowest point in 20 years. The number of substandard housing units has increased alarmingly, particularly in the central cities.

There has been a distortion in income shares, with a substantial upward redistribution of income. National income has increased 16.2 percent, but corporate profits after tax have risen 24.9 percent, net interest (national income measurements) by 23.9 percent and even rental income by 5.5 percent. Average weekly wages in manufacturing have gone up by only 5.9 percent and average hourly wages by only 6.2 percent. In the meantime the consumer price index has increased by 4.9 percent, wiping out almost all of the gains of wage earners and, of course, some of the gains of property income recipients. Unit labor costs, until the last few months, have been constant, which means that the price increases in manufacturing are a reflection of increased profit-taking.

The distortion of income shares has destroyed the administration's wage-price guidelines. As was discovered in the airline machinists' strike last summer and in the electrical workers' bargaining this fall, trade unions are not content solely with productivity increases when profits are increasing more rapidly than 3.2 percent and the cost of living is also rising. The recent level-off in corporate profits will not halt the efforts of unions to catch up with what has occurred over the past two years.

In the meantime news reports suggest that the current year budget will show an increase in military expenditures of close to $10 billion more than estimated last January and interest costs (directly and indirectly) of perhaps $5 billion more. We anticipate a tight budget for nonmilitary programs for fiscal 1968.

The President's advisers debate whether the delicate balance of fiscal and monetary policy should be altered to favor more taxes and lower interest rates. This approach is as counterproductive as the escalation of the war in Vietnam. The important domestic issue is whether something will be done about the distortions

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and the lagging growth rate. The heart of the matter is budget policy.

If domestic programs, particularly for poverty, manpower and urban rehabilitation, are to be sacrificed to military expenditures and interest costs, the Great Society will be characterized by dilapidated housing, a concentrated income distribution and increased Negro unemployment. A growth rate of 4 instead of 4.5 percent is the equivalent of about 375,000 jobs – almost 15 percent of existing unemployment. The failure to maintain the higher rate will impose further hardship on low-income groups and contribute to a further upward redistribution of income.

A sound program calls for an expanded domestic budget (though cutbacks in the space program and postponement of the supersonic transport would be appropriate). As the Americans for Democratic Action said two weeks ago, taxes should be increased "to permit $5-10 billion additional federal spending in fiscal 1968 for our high priority of public services." The increase should be "large enough not only to expand non-defense spending, without serious inflation, but also to permit lower interest rates and more credit for housing and other essential private needs."

Excor-iating the Airlines

Airline stewardesses are trained to cope with the needs of their passengers – psychic and otherwise. If a man is diabetic and requires a special menu the stewardess knows without having to be told. A special code on the passenger manifest alerts her. United Airlines has a code for most every contingency: one identifying the infirm, others for unaccompanied children, first-riders, eminent persons. A stewardess aims never to do a celebrity the discourtesy of not recognizing him. On Pan American's international flights notable passengers are identified on the manifest by the code word "excor," which is short for "extend courtesies."

The niceties of air travel extend to services on the ground. In airport terminals the Jet Set can enjoy unobtrusively marked VIP lounges of nine commercial airlines. Here too there are codes – an admiral's hat or some other symbol on the door, for instance. The lounges are called clubs and are open only to members. Membership qualifications vary. To join United's 100,000 Mile Club one must claim, in writing, that he has flown that many miles on one airline or another. To become an American Airlines "Admiral," one must have made an "outstanding contribution to the promotion of aviation" by flying a lot, being a public official, or having contributed in some other way to something or other. Trans World's "Ambassadors" have added to "amity and unity throughout the world." Greasing the way for travelers of distinction is secondary in most of the clubs to providing comfortable accommodations for those who make 20 to 50 flights a year and need a quiet place to open their briefcases, read, drink, eat, watch color TV, make a few calls or dictate a letter. So although the membership criteria make the clubs appear frivolous, they do serve a purpose. Nevertheless, objections have been raised over the past few years on the grounds that everyone who flies pays for them – first-class passengers, coach passengers, members and nonmembers, those who are welcome and those who are turned away.

The Federal Aviation Act of 1958 forbids "undue or unreasonable" preference or advantage to any person in air transportation. The Enforcements Bureau of the Civil Aeronautics Board insists that this means the clubs are violating the Act. On this assumption, the CAB is going after them. Last month Northwest Airlines which maintains Top Flight Clubs for 6,500 members at four airports (Minneapolis-St. Paul, Chicago, New York and Seattle-Tacoma) agreed to open them to all first-class passengers, not just to those arbitrarily selected by Northwest. The clubs will become a fringe benefit enjoyed by those willing to pay higher fares. Northwest is the first, and so far the only airline to agree with the CAB that the clubs are discriminatory. Northwest had not gone in big for clubs and consequently has less to lose than some other carriers having more money invested in members-only facilities. But it will probably not be the last to cave in to the CAB.

The CAB has been plagued with passenger complaints about VIP clubs for years and has proceeded, hesitantly, against them. In 1962 the board ordered an investigation of clubs run by American, Continental, Pan American and TWA. It planned to look into the selection of members, the services offered and cost to the airlines (rumored to be more than a million dollars a year) of having VIP lounges. But these first rumblings faded away. The CAB let the study sit for a year and then terminated it without disclosing its findings, if any. A 3-2 majority decided that it "would not serve the public interest" to hold hearings.

Then, last winter, a Rhode Island businessman named Herbert A. Goldberger was kicked out of an American Airlines Admirals Club lounge by the club's skipper because he was not a member. Goldberger's formal complaint to the CAB spurred the aviation industry's sometime regulator to reopen its investigation. On July 8 the Enforcements Bureau filed complaints against Northwest, Trans Caribbean, TWA, United, American, Continental, National, Pan Am and Braniff charging them with giving "undue and unreasonable preference to favored passengers in air transportation," and subjecting "passengers denied the services granted to others of the same class to unjust discrimination

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and to undue or unreasonable prejudice and disadvantage." The airlines had 15 days to file formal answers. The deadline has been extended for 30 days every 30 days since. The airlines now have until late January, 1967, to justify their practices or fold the clubs. (First the machinists' strike was given as the reason for the delay, now the holidays. "We're not disposed during the Christmas season to say no to an extension," a CAB official told me.) There the matter rests.

United Air Lines, the only carrier to have replied to the present CAB action, is taking the same tack that American Airlines did in answering the Goldberger complaint of December 1965. UAL insists that the dozen Red Carpet rooms it has for its 100,000 Milers are not connected with air transportation (they are on the ground) and consequently don't fall under the Aviation Act. (Herb David, the enforcement attorney who filed the complaints for the CAB, says the clubs are as much a part of "air transportation" as the food served on planes and the ramps passengers walk up to a plane, and they are just as subject to regulation.) United also contends that the CAB's failure to act against the clubs in 1963, after its first "investigation," vindicated them.

Northwest has been more reasonable. In a six-page statement filed with the CAB last month, it agreed that its Top Flight club had been discriminatory, that it "did furnish . . . special services not generally available from [Northwest]" and that the clubs provided "separate and different treatment *in air transportation*" [my italics] to persons paying the same fare and traveling the same class. Northwest will no longer call its lounges "clubs" or grant some passengers services denied others. The lounges will be advertised as open to all who fly first class.

DAVID SANFORD

Laying Down Some Rules For Mutual Funds

The Securities and Exchange Commission has released its long-awaited report to Congress on mutual funds. The commission's findings substantiate points made in these pages ("Investing In Mutual Funds," July 2, 1966). That article explained how the nation's 3.5 million mutual fund investors had been overcharged and underprotected. Those charges and fees have been largely in two categories – the sales load (the commission the investor must pay for buying mutual fund shares) and the advisory fee (the amount paid to those who manage a fund's portfolio).

Mutual fund investors paid sales commissions that totaled $260 million in 1965. In order to buy a mutual fund the typical investor must pay a sales charge of eight percent. That means that when he invests $100 in a fund, his investment is immediately worth $92; the other $8 goes to the sales people. And although the eight percent charge is high by almost any standard, it is modest when compared to what is exacted from persons who are induced to buy a mutual fund on the installment plan. The installment plan in the mutual fund industry is known as the "front-end load" and can work out to be an effective sales commission of 40 percent. It works like this: an investor (typically, in this instance, a person with very limited financial resources and experience) is persuaded to invest a small amount each month for a period of 10 years. But because it is known that many of these small investors will not be able to continue with even their modest plans for so long a period, one-half of the total sales commissions that would be paid over 10 years is exacted in the first year. It was suggested in the previous *New Republic* article that the eight percent sales load was too high and that the front-end load should be eliminated. The SEC report recommends precisely this to Congress; it proposes that the sales load maximum be reduced to five percent and that the front-end load be abolished. The commission has found that inherent in the high front-end load commissions is the high pressure used by salesmen to earn them. As the report states: "The front-end load provides incentives responsible for undesirable high-pressure selling tactics."

In addition to these sales commissions, mutual fund investors paid, in 1965, investment advisory fees that totaled $130 million. As we noted in July, if a fund had assets of $100 million, its investors were charged an advisory fee of $500,000 per year. As a particular fund grew in size, the advisory fee grew with it. Thus, if assets of a fund increased tenfold (from $100 million to a billion dollars), the one-half of one percent annual advisory fee likewise grew tenfold (from $500,000 to $5 million). But the work and expense required in managing the larger portfolio increased, if at all, at a much slower rate. The SEC report quotes from a statement made in 1940 by an industry spokesman: "It is now almost axiomatic in the trust business that operating costs decline proportionally as the size of the trust increases." That statement was made in regard to the then largest mutual fund, which had assets of $121-million; how much more valid the observation must be when applied to today's multibillion-dollar funds. Rather than recommend precisely what advisory charges should be allowed (as was done with sales commissions) the report says only that such fees should be "reasonable."

Part of the problem is that the Investment Company Act provides that mutual funds may be managed by outside companies. As the report concedes, the use of

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external advisory companies "was firmly embedded in the industry" as early as 1940. But it is only when a fund is managed by its own salaried staff that the cost of investment services is kept really low. It is not an easy solution to the advisory fee dilemma, however, to suggest that all advisory services be rendered by a fund's internal staff and that the outside advisory companies be eliminated, because in the last five years the shares of many of those companies have been widely sold to the public. In recognition of this problem, the report concludes that "compulsory internalization of the management function . . . appears too sweeping at this time." But the point is made – unless advisory fees are "reasonable," outside management companies could be legislated out of existence.

The commission report notes that in addition to the sales and advisory fees, mutual funds paid, in 1965, an aggregate of $100 million in brokerage fees when they bought and sold their portfolio securities. The fact is that shares in mutual funds themselves are sold by the same brokers who execute the funds' portfolio transactions; the problem is that mutual funds tend to give their portfolio business to those brokers who sell their shares to the public; and the danger of this practice (known in the industry as "reciprocal brokerage") is that a broker might be tempted to sell a customer a particular mutual fund in order to get that fund's portfolio brokerage business and not because that fund is the best investment for that customer. At the heart of this problem, the report contends, is the fact that there is no discount in brokerage rates for large institutional investors. In other words, the brokerage fee paid by a mutual fund for a 10,000-share purchase is 100 times the brokerage fee paid by an individual investor for a 100-share order. The SEC believes that a large institutional investor should pay a lower commission rate in recognition of the economies of transacting large orders. It also suggests that if the brokerage rates were reduced, the evils of reciprocal brokerage would, likewise, be reduced. Although the commission's position may have merit, it is somewhat paradoxical that in seeking to protect the small mutual fund investor the SEC would favor all large investors (which are not always mutual funds) at the expense of the smaller one.

The SEC report is a recommendation to Congress that the Investment Company Act of 1940 be updated. When that Act was written the mutual fund industry had total assets of less than one-half-billion dollars. It is the essence of the report that those 1940 guidelines can no longer contain today's $38-billion industry. As Congress prepares to hold hearings on the SEC report to determine what new legislation should be enacted, it is interesting to reread some of the testimony that resulted in the 1940 Act:

A SEC official told the Wagner Committee in 1940: "In summary, our investigation revealed that the gospel of this industry from 1930 to 1938 was just sell, sell, sell. . . ." Senator Wagner commented: "I think it was an outrageous practice to charge small investors 20 percent as a load for the purchase of new securities."

The industry has already announced that it will resist many of the reforms sought by the commission. But whatever the course of the debate, Congress should abolish the front-end load so that no small investor will again pay a sales commission that is twice the 20 percent called "outrageous" 26 years ago.

MORDECAI ROSENFELD

"The Party Will Soon Be Over"

Tom Wolfe and "Time" Can Go Home Again

London

Hard times are taking the swing out of swinging London. Boutiques are becalmed, discotheques depressed, record sales drop as squeeze and freeze cut into the soft underbelly of the economy. It is just that bit more difficult to look a little lovelier each day. The party will soon be over, and Tom Wolfe and the team from *Time* can go home again.

It will be a merciful release. The phenomenon was already half-dead from gluttony and exaggeration before austerity attacked it. The air has been thick with the prattlings of would-be songsters, actors, movie-makers, dramatists, dress-designers, journalists and models, mostly using an incestuous merry-go-round to mask their essential lack of talent. Fitted by their introversion for little outside the myth they themselves created, they yet aspire to prophecy, with gossip and spontaneity as their touchstones. But now that retrenchment is beginning to have them in its grasp, they wear a worried look. The talented will survive, and most of the hangers-on will not starve, but the bubble has burst and easy-going nonchalance will not hold up. The shock could drive this generation to look again at the politics and economics it has shunned.

Among the educated young, business and heavy industry, as opposed to making money from the scene, are still dirty words, and politics hardly less so. Pathways to power supposedly thrown open by the educational reforms of 20 years ago have rarely been taken by those for whom they were meant. A first wave of newly emergent middle- and working-class boys and

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girls rapidly bogged down in impotent reaction; brought face to face with the real wealth and influence of their fathers' masters they chose not to compete. A second wave was less inhibited; it had its eye on the main chance, and coming to a kind of maturity on the boom of the Macmillan era, it took it. It went for easy money and social iconoclasm, leaving politics and industry to more sober and generally older citizens, whom it satirized mercilessly for their pains. Responsible citizenry responded with applause, sensing quite rightly that in this satire there might be embarrassment but no threat.

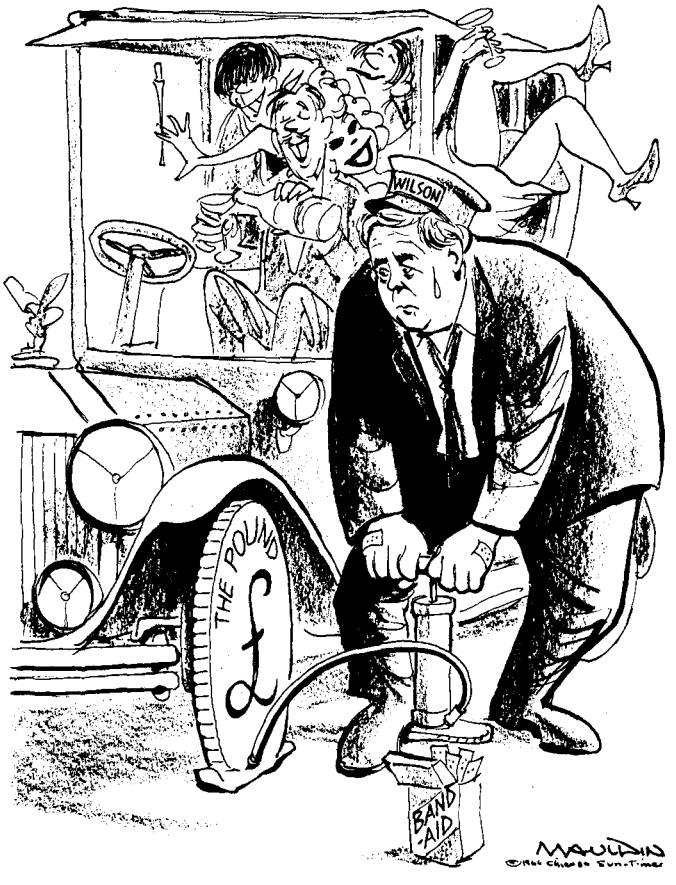
So today the great divide in Britain is not, as Edward Heath would have it, between Labour and Conservatives, but between the old and the young. And this is no division of principle, but a gulf between the politically interested and the apathetic. For the politicians it means an easy ride; not for a long time have both political leaders been so free from nagging pressures. On the right this is not particularly surprising, since the Conservatives, having given themselves a couple of years of freewheeling random opposition, are cut off from meaningful criticism; but the silence on the Labour left is little short of amazing.

The docility with which each Wilsonian lurch to the center has been accepted within Labour ranks and by the country as a whole cannot be explained entirely by reference to the internal disciplines of the party in power. The retention of a nuclear force, the stiffening of legislation against immigrants, the months of shilly-shallying over Rhodesia, the pro-American line on Vietnam, all of these have gone against what a substantial section of Labour opinion used to regard as its principles. True the left in Parliament has at each turn put up token resistance, but nothing in the nature of a sizable revolt has ever looked likely in Labour's two years of office, precisely because the support that might be expected from a part of the younger section of the electorate has been lacking.

It is not so much the rightness or the wrongness of particular policies that is at issue here, but the absence of any serious argument on what might be thought important matters. Reference back to the articulate young is neither proposed nor demanded. An a-political youth unwilling to devote time and patience to the stuff of politics is satisfied by the appearance of action. It suffices that government is seen to be going on; where it is going on *to* matters less. When youth does speak it usually turns out on inspection to be pleading for dramatic solutions. It is in this context that Europe once again is offered. Gaily and unquestioningly, if General de Gaulle yields, the young will follow into Europe, to be deeply disappointed when it turns out to be not the simple sort of joy-ride they enjoy. This is the sort of politics they understand, the politics of the slogan. As for real and present troubles, while the freeze and squeeze produced baffled and constant yelps from the middle-aged and the workers, the immediate response of their children was just to keep on swinging.

Inexorably the roundabout is slowing down, and there will soon be few places in which to hide. You don't get fat on a foreign travel allowance limited to $150 a year. The mass of camp-followers are discovering as they were bound to do one day that a low income is no better for pop music in the bathroom and miniskirts behind the door. The middlemen are on the lookout for something new to batten on, and time could even carry some back on a kind of reverse brain-drain to the administrative and industrial jobs where they belong, there to reenter the economic and political life they have allowed to pass them by. The hard core of able practitioners of words and music, dance and design will soldier on, a memorial to that which was good, and admittedly some of it was. But with age and cunning they will in all probability take their cue from the four Liverpool mopheads who started it all, and invest and diversify for the good of themselves, the exchequer and the balance of payments.

BRIAN WENHAM



Blood, sweat, and tears.

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The Future of "Black Power"

A Movement in Search of a Program

by Andrew Kopkind

In the six months since the Meredith marchers first cried it aloud, "black power" has won a certain acceptance, if not by logical argument then by default. Integration has been whipped by the front-, side-, and back-lash; the war on poverty is in retreat; reform politics stopped abruptly on November 8 and may not start again in this generation. Even so, black power remains an untested evocation of moods and expectations. If it can be the basis for a program of action, the young organizers of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee will have to do much of the hard work. Early in December, they met for ten days in the Catskills to make their plans.

SNCC staff conferences are always something between psychodrama and guerrilla school. People wander in and out of meetings, and in and out of town, at all hours. No one is quite sure when a conference will end, if at all. When it is over, none of the participants can say exactly what happened; as in Marienbad, reality is a very personal thing. But SNCC meetings have had an effect on the country hugely out of proportion to their public visibility. The first ones, in the early 'sixties, formulated the strategy of direct action and established sit-ins as practically a way of life for young Americans. Out of the next set of meetings came the rudiments of black political movements in the South, and led to the formation of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party. Out of SNCC's experience, as well as its romanticism, came the notion that the very poor, and particularly rural Southern Negroes, are uniquely qualified to direct campaigns for social change. And at the conference last May, Stokely Carmichael was elected national chairman and the outlines of black power were drawn.

The December meeting, logically, would help fill in the outline. But at the beginning, the hundred or so staff members were more concerned with white power than black. Carmichael and others of his particular persuasion arrived to find the conference in the hands of a "nationalist" caucus. Its line was simple: withdrawal. The nationalists wanted the last few remaining white workers in SNCC booted out. They would have nothing to do with white America around them, and if they could not leave it physically, then they would retreat into the fortress of black consciousness.

The Carmichael faction was appalled. "It took them three days to recover, just to the point where they could define their own terms," one worker said. Carmichael and those who came with him out of Howard University in the early 'sixties have never been separatists. "Blackness," Courtland Cox likes to say, "is necessary but not sufficient." They see that whites can help in several ways: on the impersonal (but often controlling) level of money, then as protection against political attacks, and, at the end, as partners in radical social movements. But the major strategic consideration at this point is to get Negroes – the young, the poor, the ghettoized – to believe in their own potential.

"The one thing SNCC is fighting is white supremacy," Charlie Cobb, another of the Howard group, said. "We're fighting the paralysis that it has caused among blacks. We've got to get blacks to unlearn that." Carmichael has been trying to do that since last spring, and his method is the celebration of black power.

A former (white) SNCC member explained it: "You don't get support from mainstream whites, or from Negroes who think they're in the mainstream. You see that the mainstream isn't going to change things, but you aren't strong enough yet to rely on the outsiders. People get bought off, or tempted, or frightened. So you've got to build a whole new culture – of blackness."

SNCC has been more successful in that strategy in a few months than other Negro leaders (except, perhaps, for Malcolm X – posthumously) have ever been. Carmichael "turns on" the people in Watts who kicked Martin Luther King out when he came to quiet the community during the 1965 revolt. He does it by exciting them about their own possibilities in America, and also by painting a historical picture of the development of Africa and the "third world." SNCC people like to talk about a "Black Belt" of a hundred million people, stretching from the Aleutians to the southern tip of the Andes. That view of the world justifies SNCC's charge that the war in Vietnam is "racist," and its characterization of Negro soldiers as "black mercenaries" in the United States Army.

There is a debate in SNCC about whether it is nec-

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essary to build its new "culture" on a base of anti-colonialism, or on the history of the struggle of black people in the US. The problem with the former is that as the work of bringing change gets harder, people will engage in fantasies and wait for the Zambian Air Force to save American Negroes.

In one way, SNCC is selecting its own audience, and is sensitizing it to the presence of whites. Much of the audience reacts without the strategic subtlety that Carmichael would like. They have already "unlearned" the lessons of white supremacy; what they have not yet learned (and what SNCC may be failing to teach them) are the tough techniques and discipline of radical political motion. "It's a hard job," one white friend of SNCC said not long ago; "sort of like teaching Trotskyists to be Young Democrats." But Carmichael's new constituents don't want to explain to the young white radicals in their midst that they must work separately, love each other, and develop independently. They just want to bop them on their heads.

The SNCC "nationalists' " hang-up took up half the December conference. They argued that the organization's purpose – as Carmichael himself once wrote – was to "address itself to the problem of helping black communities define their needs, realize their strength, and go into action along a variety of lines which they must choose for themselves." Whites – even sympathetic ones – were not only irrelevant to that mission; they negated the "model" of black movement.

The Carmichael group – composed largely of the veterans of the Southern civil rights campaigns – has its own ambivalence about white-black relationship. But its partisans said that it was at least nonsense, and perhaps self-defeating to worry about the handful of whites in SNCC. The organization was already overwhelmingly black, and it was necessary to keep up contacts with white radicals and somehow important to keep SNCC from freezing. "Organizing in the North is cold," Carmichael said later. "You've got to become like ice. In the South there is some sense of community; in the North everyone is hustling, one against another." Just the effort it takes to "love" whites could have a salutary effect.

The debate dragged on, and a series of votes were taken on the proposal to exclude whites. At one point, former executive secretary James Forman moved to disband SNCC completely; he lost. One long-time white staffer came to talk about a project for organizing poor whites in the South; it was never formally considered. Later, he was asked to leave the meeting while the status of whites in the group was being discussed. Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer, a SNCC stalwart and a powerful figure in the Mississippi Freedom Democrats, was honored at SNCC's annual dinner, whereupon she turned on her old friends, as much in sadness as in anger, for growing "cold" and unloving. By so saying, Mrs. Hamer invoked the shade of Bob Moses (now called Parris), who still hovers over SNCC meetings. The legend of his hard, gem-like humanism is probably much overdrawn, but much of what goes on in SNCC, black and white, touches the Moses myth at one point or another.

Bob Moses was a young black intellectual from the North who went into Mississippi before anyone else, was forced out, but developed the brilliant Summer Project in 1964 and came back. He left a few months later, agonizing over his role as the "leader" he never wanted to be. He does not come around to SNCC conferences these days – no one is quite sure where he is – but he remains the moral touchstone of the older SNCC people, at least.

The final vote on the "white question" was taken at three in the morning. As a compromise, it was phrased so as to allow whites to remain in fund-raising and administrative work, but exclude them from organizing or policy roles. Carmichael voted against it, but the proposal passed 19 to 18; there were two dozen abstentions, and almost half the staff members were not even present.

When they stopped talking about whites, the SNCC workers began to get down to the crucial problem of their organization, and of the whole Negro movement. "We're in a bind," Carmichael said. "How do we 'program' black power?"

SNCC could not yet resolve the dilemma – partly because of its preoccupation with "white power." It may also be the case that conditions are not yet ripe for the development of those simple "programs" that people tell SNCC to develop. The constituency of black people who are aware of their situation in American society, in SNCC's terms, is small. And the larger society is just liberal enough, and just flexible enough, to smother radical programs almost as they take first breath.

Tentative Conclusions

At least SNCC knows it has to grapple with the problem of rhetoric *versus* program, and the conference came to a number of tentative conclusions that established a direction for black radical energies over the next years.

First of all, the focus of new activities will definitely swing to Northern urban areas from the rural South. As SNCC sees it, the failure of the Lowndes County Freedom Organization (the "Black Panther Party") and the Mississippi Freedom Democrats to take power is not so much a function of bad organizing as it is of isolation. "The place that really has the power is the North," Carmichael said. That is, it has the troops

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who are "cold" enough to disrupt the society and build independent movements.

In Northern cities (and perhaps some urbanized areas of the South, which behave like Northern ghettoes), SNCC wants to start "freedom organizations," with their own political, educational, economic, and cultural components. That may mean third political parties, co-op businesses, freedom schools, and "afro" cultural centers. In the past several months, there are examples of all of them, only a few SNCC-inspired, in many cities. But SNCC's resources for nitty-gritty organizing – and perhaps its will to work in a low key over a long period of time – are thin. There are only two SNCC projects going on with much seriousness in the North – in Philadelphia and New York – and neither is yet much more than a first-step affair. The problem of constructing real institutions, not just rhetorical ones, is almost impossibly hard. So far, SNCC has tried to capitalize on other people's crises – a rent strike here, a campaign for "black control" there (as in the attempt of Harlem parents to take over school policy-making at IS 201).

The concept of "black power" itself is creative enough; it has already been appropriated by firmly "established" Negroes and whites as a basis for less radical reforms. The housing proposals of Professors Cloward and Piven (presented in this journal, December 17) were black power ideas. Many of the plans heard by the Ribicoff committee on urban problems were black power plans, although the planners might look on the term with horror.

But it is hardly SNCC's purpose, much less its intention, just to feed ideas to social engineers and politicians. As much as Carmichael wants to believe it is possible to work with white organizations, he is hard put to find the right ones. He wants "a coalition in which blacks will not be absorbed or betrayed," he once wrote. But that does not include "coalition" with any government agency. The war on poverty, for instance, may give some black people some of the things they need, but to Carmichael it keeps them under white manipulation, and does nothing for the underlying cause of poverty: powerlessness.

Trapped by White Radicals

Even white radical "coalitions," such as might be possible in a Southern political campaign, or a Northern fight for control of housing policy, are suspect. SNCC has always felt threatened, and in a sense trapped by white radicals. Many white middle-class students were first brought into radical roles by SNCC, but it was never clear that the white and black movements were continuous.

Carmichael wants SNCC to be intensely political, in the way that SDS has not been. But he also criticizes the white New Left for thinking, in his phrase, that "what's good for the US is good for black people." His main concern is to give Negroes the chance to make their own decisions and control their own lives. The point isn't that white radicals might make better decisions for Negroes than white conservatives would. The important thing, Carmichael declares, is "self-determination."

What galls SNCC people most is the way white radicals seem to have treated SNCC as a kind of psychotherapy, as a way to work out problems of alienation and boredom and personal inadequacy. A season of organizing in Mississippi, despite (or because of) the dangers and discomforts, was often more therapeutic for the white organizer than the blacks being organized. To SNCC, that was a form of "unconscious racism," manipulation, and white supremacy. What is happening now is that many of those whites feel hopelessly rejected by their Negro friends, like patients whose analyst suddenly leaves town. The feeling leads to mawkish outpourings of self-pity, like a white SNCC veteran's recent article in the *Village Voice*: ". . . I'm mad. It's the kind of anger one might feel in, say, a love relationship, when after entering honestly you find that your loved one's been balling with someone else, and what's worse, enjoying it."

The connection between young white and black activists was never only one way. In fact, SNCC may be more heavily "white" in its ideology than some members care to believe. Carmichael, Cox, Cobb, and many others were first activated at Howard by a young white socialist, Tom Kahn, who is now executive secretary of the League for Industrial Democracy.

The problem remains for SNCC people to control *their* anger about white insensitivity. Faced with a barely vulnerable "system" and the hostility of whites, the temptation for many Negroes is to swallow all humanist feeling in black anger. Contrary to his popular image, Carmichael and his colleagues in SNCC are trying to do just the opposite. It is a difficult, and a dangerous game. Carmichael, too, has his hang-ups about whites, and he has problems of communicating the urgency of political strategy to his angry followers. He told people at the December conference that he would like to abandon his public role, and return to less visible organizing when his term as chairman expires in May. In its few years of life, SNCC's value has been a unique ability to swing with "what's happening" with black people. That means leading, understanding, and simply moving with the hard edge of the Negro movement. Other organizations have fallen behind, and other leaders have fallen on their faces. SNCC people will have to keep their wits, and their heads, to make a go of it now.

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1966 MAULDIN on Vietnam

On the beach

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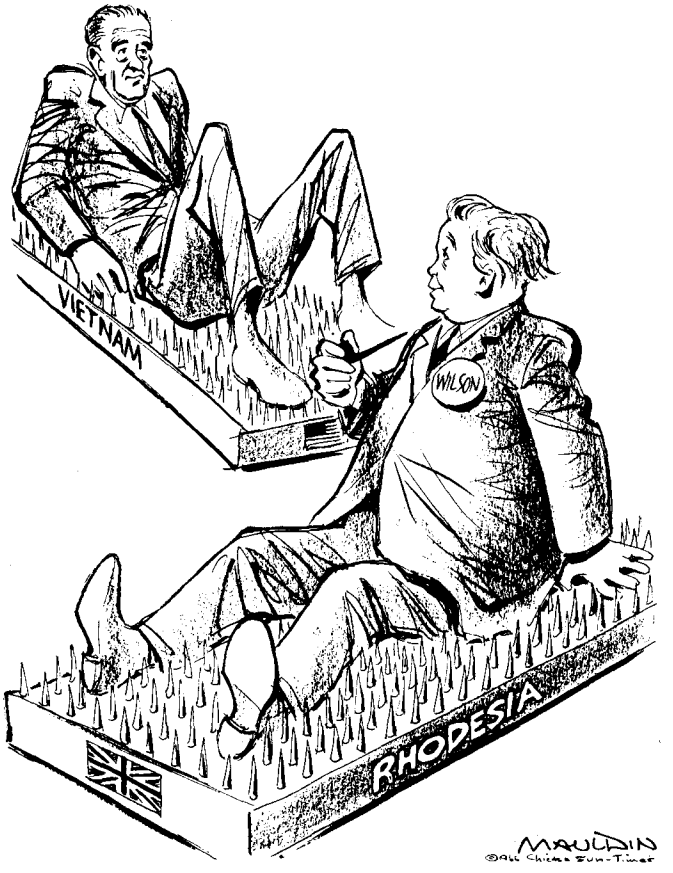
"How do you do, madam? I represent the Great Society."

Bulldogger

"Heads, I win – tails, you lose."



". . . Otherwise, I rather enjoy my job."

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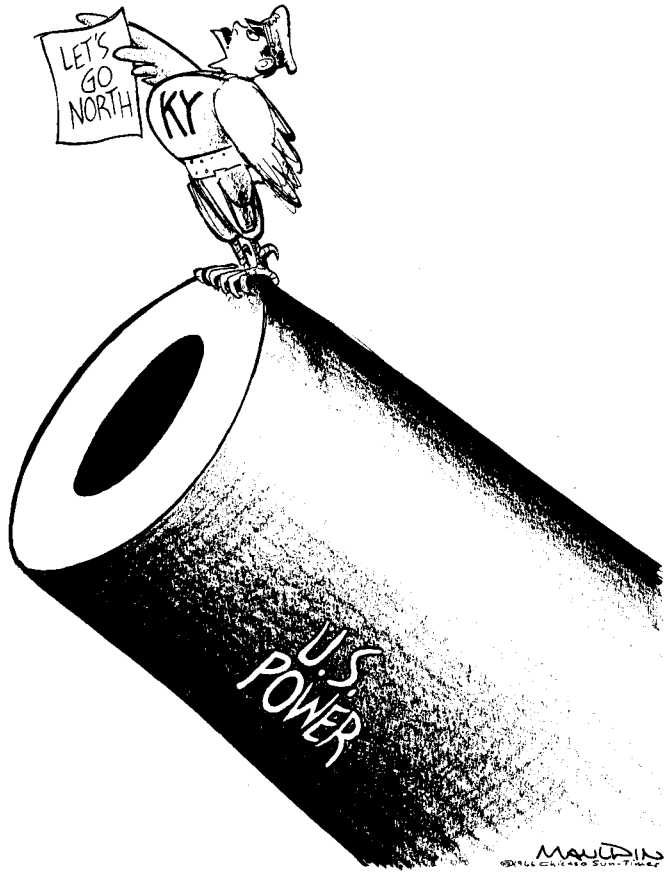
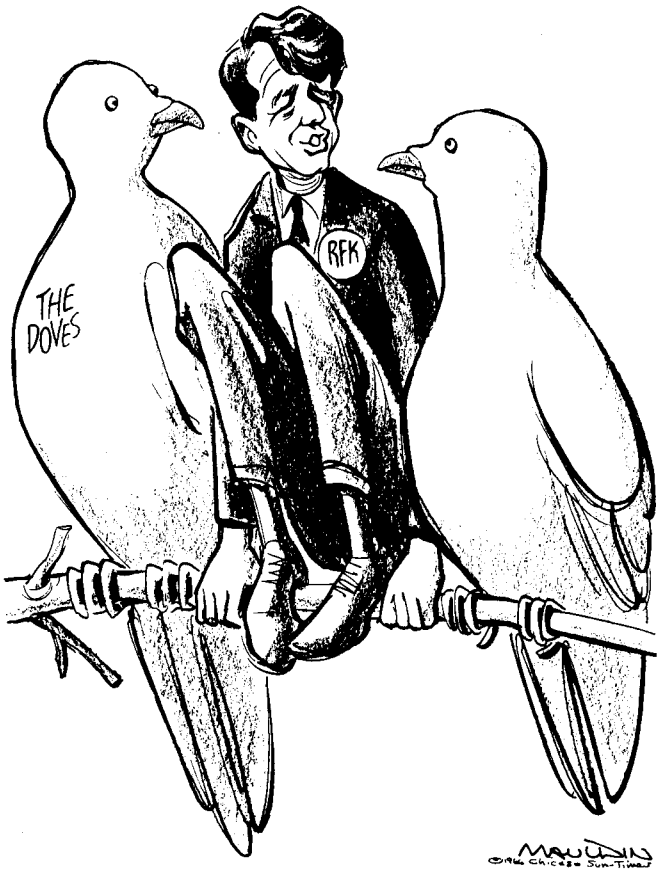
"This thing seems to be bigger than both of us."



"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"



"Coo!"

Unsightly bulge

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Rebuilding the Slums

by James Ridgeway

While faith in the miracle-working power of the Office of Economic Opportunity has faded, there is some hope within Congress and the administration that private industry can be recruited to carry out the war on poverty.

This amounts to more than running Job Corps camps, which several of the big companies are now doing. The White House, for example, is seriously considering a proposal from the Department of Housing and Urban Development to create an Urban Development Corp. It would induce builders to construct low-income housing through various loan guarantee schemes. Both Senators Javits and Percy have advanced ideas for Comsat-type companies that could get new housing into run-down areas and persuade business to put installations in depressed places. Senator Robert Kennedy looks to industry for help in financing a new community corporation he recently set up in the Bedford-Stuyvesant slum of Brooklyn. He hopes this kind of organization will give local residents a chance to shape the development of their community. Walter Reuther is starting much the same kind of project in Detroit. And at the recent round of Senate hearings on the problems of the cities, both Senators Ribicoff and Kennedy spent a good deal of time trying to find out from businessmen what it would take to get them into slum rehabilitation programs.

The creation and manipulation of markets is much in vogue in Washington and is part of what the administration calls "Creative Federalism." Just as the government gets industry to build space ships to go to the moon, now it wants business to turn technology to putting across the programs of the Great Society. There are already some examples of what this can lead to. In the past year or so electronics companies and publishing houses merged to form a new educational enterprise. It is primed with money from HEW, which just now is in the throes of reorganization that will make it into an efficient, domestic version of the Pentagon. General Electric announced last summer it plans to build new cities; other companies are in the business as well and Senator Ribicoff enthusiastically called for a "new cities industry." Creating a market in the slums is an extension of this kind of thinking. But it is a dubious proposition since there is no money to be spent for goods and services in the slum, and whatever activity takes place there will, in large part, have to be induced by the government. The country, however, is at war in Vietnam, and there is little interest in spending more on the poor.

Nonetheless, there are signs that businessmen are at least curious about prospects of the slum business. There are eight million dilapidated city homes and rehabilitating them is a potentially enormous market for builders and building supply companies. A few companies are already engaged: US Gypsum is spending $1.25 million to rebuild a square block in Harlem and intends to start similar projects in other cities. Armstrong Cork Co. is rehabilitating a tenement in North Philadelphia. The American Plywood Association, a manufacturers trade group, is putting up $150,000 to renovate buildings in the Hough area of Cleveland. The companies don't want to become landlords; they expect to turn over these buildings to nonprofit sponsors on completion.

Out of its Harlem project US Gypsum developed a new heating system as well as new kinds of materials for making floors and ceilings. In a recent experiment in rehabilitating a tenement on the lower east side of Manhattan, a crane picked prefabricated kitchen and bathroom units off a truck, and dropped them down through a hole cut in the building's roof. It took an hour to bolt them into place. New kinds of wallboard and vinyl flooring were found practicable, also windows that can be expanded to fit the odd shaped openings in old buildings. Garbage can be dropped down a chute into a machine that first compresses it, then disinfects and perfumes it.

Such experiments suggest that housing costs can be lowered substantially. The Department of Housing and Urban Development wants to employ the new methods in a mass low-income housing program. It has asked the President to set up an Urban Development Corporation (sometimes called a Comsat for Housing which it does not at all resemble) that would build five million new housing units over the next 10 years at a cost of $50 billion. Details are not available, but under one version of this scheme, the President would appoint a board of directors, made up of people from government, business, labor, civil rights and so on. They would oversee the corporation's activities which, in effect, would combine and expand existing housing pro-

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grams. The scheme would utilize urban renewal agencies, which on the local level would have to condemn the land and work out reforms of restrictive building codes. Then under a vastly expanded low-income housing program, called 221 (d) 3, the government would insure loans from private lenders such as banks, insurance companies, etc., to nonprofit or limited profit groups wanting to build the housing. After a new house was built or an old one rehabilitated, the government would buy the mortgage through the Federal National Mortgage Association.

The average 221 (d) 3 unit for three people now rents for $109 a month. It is meant to attract the working poor and is a cut above public housing where monthly rents range from $35 to $55. However, the government plan envisions reducing building costs over a 10-year period from the current $16,000 to $8,000, which would make the units competitive with public housing.

The idea for an Urban Development Corp. came out of a conference of housing experts held at Woods Hole, Mass., last summer, and in large part represents the thinking of Hortense Gabel – the former commissioner of rent and rehabilitation in New York City – and Thomas O. Paine, the manager of General Electric's center for advanced study.

Senator Javits has a different idea for getting business into the slums. He wants to give a federal charter to a new Economic Opportunity Corp. Three of its 15-member board of directors would be appointed by the President, and the company would raise money by selling $50 million of stock in the public market. This Comsat-like company would be a promoter, selling its technical services and advice to local groups seeking industrial and commercial development. The Economic Opportunity Corp. could come into a slum, lay out a plan for economic development, arrange a pool of financiers to take the risk out of lending; and, in general, attract business by smoothing the way for it, setting up job-training schemes which would provide the labor. It would counsel and might even lend some cash to struggling small business ventures. In return, the Economic Opportunity Corp. would either get money, probably from government planning funds given to local communities, or take a small equity holding in the project. A potential investor might ponder this proposition a long time before buying the stock.

In the Illinois campaign, Charles Percy called for a new private National Home Ownership Foundation which could lend funds at low rates to low-income families who wanted homes. The foundation would get its funds from commercial banks, union pension funds, industrial corporations and federal, state and local governments. The new home owner could help build the house and thereby establish his equity in the proj-

The Manifesto

After the rioting in Chicago a group of youth sitting with Dr. King and with me said the following: "You fellows have produced nothing. Dr. King has been here for a year. There has been no accommodation to him. But when we wanted sprinklers, we went out in the street, forgetting your nonviolence and your patience, and we tore up the street, and in 24 hours we had not only the sprinklers we wanted, but we had in addition to those sprinklers swimming pools. Now, Dr. King, Daley hasn't given you a damn thing, but he has given us what we fought for."

Following the riot in Watts, Dr. King and I went there in the midst of the riot to do what we could. A young man stood up and talked about their manifesto, and quite ignorantly I asked him if I might see a copy of his manifesto, whereupon he took out of his pocket a box of matches and lit one and held it up and said, "That is our manifesto, burn, baby, burn."

When we said to him, "But, young man, what have you gained by this?" he said the following: "We asked the mayor to come and talk with us, and he would not come. We asked the governor to come, and he would not come. We asked the chief of police to come, and he would not come. But after we issued our manifesto, they all came." And then he whispered and said *sotto voce*, so all the young teenagers could hear it, "And when you and Dr. King go out in the street, you had better be careful because they have sent us so many sociologists, baby, so many economists, so many social workers, if you and King aren't careful, you will trip over them on the street."

I maintain that unless something that is total [is done], which sees the problem of housing, schools, jobs, the psychology of the ghetto, as a single problem, and a master plan for dealing with them simultaneously, forthrightly, then this society has only itself to blame, because it is indirectly teaching the young dispossessed in this nation that if they want something, the only way they can get it is not to depend on leaders who are temperate, leaders who advocate nonviolence, but that they themselves must take the law into their own hands.

This is a tragedy, but I recommend to you to see that it is a tragedy which is being socially taught by the inability of this society forthrightly to come forth with victories for the dispossessed in order that they can maintain their faith in this nation, maintain their faith in law and order, and maintain their faith in the cement of society, which is nonviolent action.

BAYARD RUSTIN

Before The Ribicoff Committee, December 6, 1966.

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ect. Percy feels that home ownership is one sensible way of making people into more responsible citizens.

Meanwhile, Senator Robert Kennedy has set into motion his plan for a community corporation to direct the rebuilding of New York City slums. (An early version of Kennedy's idea was described in the October 22 issue of this journal.) Kennedy has announced the establishment of the Bedford-Stuyvesant Renewal and Rehabilitation Corp. It is nonprofit and designed to respond to and represent the desires of the community; it will draft plans for housing, health clinics, recreational facilities, and commercial and industrial development. Its activities may branch out into running supermarkets, even schools. In some respects this sort of community corporation looks rather like a new form of neighborhood government, although the precise details of how the local people are to be involved are left vague. For the time being, it is headed by Civil Court Judge Thomas R. Jones, a Democratic leader.

Changing Slum Institutions

Kennedy has also brought into being a second corporation called the Development & Services Corp. Its board of directors will include luminaries of business and finance: Douglas Dillon, Thomas J. Watson Jr., William Paley and so on. They will provide the community with expert managerial advice, try to convince industry to set up offices in Bedford-Stuyvesant and finance new projects. The company also will act as trustee, receiving and paying out money. Thus, the conservative foundations, as well as the businessmen, may be convinced that their money won't be stolen by sharp operators.

As an initial inducement to pull industry into Bedford-Stuyvesant, Kennedy counts on the community corporation's receiving money from a new program he helped write into the Economic Opportunity Act last year. This amendment provides $20 million for special impact area projects. Under it, Sargent Shriver can contract with private companies as well as public bodies who hire slum residents for work that will lead to improving their neighborhoods. Local people could be trained and then employed to build housing. Sales and managerial personnel could be trained to staff a branch of a big department store; vocational training could be given to meet the specific needs of a light manufacturing company that agrees to come into Bedford-Stuyvesant.

While the Kennedy plan looks like an extension of one of the poverty program's community action projects, in theory, at least, it is meant to be different. The community action programs have never done much more than offer a heavy dose of social services; Kennedy, however, is talking about changing slum institutions; he looks toward building a prosperous community with a viable economy. For example, the way the OEO works, if people complained to the local anti-poverty man that the stores were charging high prices, the local poverty office would ask OEO headquarters for money to hire social scientists to run a study. If the local study results were interesting, then more social scientists would be laid on for a national study. Then, there would be another grant, so that the local anti-poverty group could hire expert home economists who would tell the people to buy more wisely and eat more sensible sorts of foods. The Kennedy plan, however, begins by assuming that the community might be better off if it ran its own cooperative grocery store.

Much of the thinking behind the community corporation comes out of the ECCO project in Columbus, Ohio (*NR*, February 5, 1966) – an effort to build a democratic neighborhood government employing local people in slum reconstruction. Walter Reuther is initiating a project similar to Kennedy's, in Detroit. In Chicago the militant Woodlawn Organization and the Maremont Foundation are jointly bidding on an urban renewal project. They will hire local people to build low-income housing.

Of these different approaches to getting industry into the slum business, HUD's low-income housing scheme has perhaps the best chance of being taken up by the federal government. For while it sounds daring and innovative, it is in fact a rather innocuous but sensible extension and rearrangement of existing programs. There is even the possibility that it could be put into operation without legislation. It need not involve moving Negroes into white residential areas. The money would be channeled through the mayor's office so that people like Mr. Daley could control neighborhood groups. Unlike the Kennedy-type plan, the HUD proposal does not require that local residents be hired to do the construction, a suggestion that would bring trouble from the building trades unions. The unions, however, may have some reservations about this scheme, the success of which requires construction innovations that will reduce labor costs. The plan's backers, however, argue that the building business will be so greatly expanded that employment levels will not suffer, and work may even increase. All in all, a plan for an Urban Development Corp. seems a good program for the President to throw back at Senators Kennedy and Ribicoff who have been chiding him for not doing enough for cities.

But the HUD plan got in a political mess after it was described in *The New York Times*, a day before the Ribicoff hearings opened. In the eyes of some paranoiac administration officials this disclosure stole the President's thunder. Actually the HUD plan has been discussed in one version or another in newspapers since

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the Woods Hole conference last summer. At any rate, the *Times'* story sent officials at HUD into hysterics and they called up the reporter who wrote it and bawled him out. Copies of the proposals had been sent around to government offices for comments, and these now were called back to the White House. Minor officials throughout the government quaked lest the sleuths from the White House and HUD accuse them of leaking the story to the *Times*. Mrs. Gabel, who had been scheduled to appear before the Ribicoff committee backed out rather than discuss the secret plan in public. For weeks this childish business went on. At this writing, the plan is said still to be taken seriously at the White House, but details are a secret.

I think Kennedy's New York plan is the most interesting and over the long run holds out the best hope for real change of any of these proposals. Of course, it remains to be seen whether a representative community organization runs the show or whether it is dominated by the businessmen advisers or local Democratic hacks. And it is difficult to envision this kind of program going very far without federal loan guarantees that could help attract private investment.

However, Kennedy is moving in the right direction by seeking to employ people in planning and building their own communities. His program allows for and encourages local diversity; it is meant to place control with the people through a community organization that in effect is a new sort of local government. The Kennedy scheme deemphasizes OEO's social service approach, and assumes from the beginning that slum institutions must be changed. In particular, it looks toward building an economy.

The lack of interesting and diverse kinds of work is the crucial problem in America for everyone, not simply the poor. Work, not just income, is what determines one's sense of self-importance in the country. The Kennedy plan aims to put people to work. It is ironic that the Office of Economic Opportunity has made exciting work for young, middle-class college graduates who have been hired to find out about their country by living in the slums. And the poverty program has made interesting work for political scientists whose business it is to study the poor. But it hasn't made much work for the poor and it hasn't noticeably changed the ghetto. Giving people decent inexpensive housing and allowing them a larger dole will be some help. But these measures aren't likely to change the shape of the ghetto either, and in fact, they can turn out to be more sophisticated means for manipulating and preserving a dependent subculture.

Very probably the only way we can hope to change the ghetto of the Northern city is to encourage the people living there to decide what they want to make of the place, and then put them to work doing the job. Kennedy's scheme works toward this end.

Reexamining the Warren Report

by Alexander M. Bickel

There is a story (reported in *Newsweek* magazine), that Chief Justice Earl Warren recently remarked in private: "I was a district attorney in California for 12 years, and I tried a number of murder cases. If I were still a district attorney and the Oswald case came into my jurisdiction, given the same evidence I could have gotten a conviction in two days and never heard about the case again." Whether or not uttered by the Chief Justice, the remark bespeaks one widely shared attitude toward the Warren Commission and its report on the assassination. The commission, in this view, performed the function of a jury in a criminal case. Its verdict rests on sufficient evidence, although, of course, there can be no mathematical demonstration that it is a true verdict. Such a verdict should, and does generally in our system, remain undisturbed, unless some bit of evidence is uncovered that would make a decisive difference in the result, and that is new in the sense of not having been available to the jury. In this sense, none of the recent critics of the Warren Commission has come up with any new evidence. That should, therefore, be that.

And yet that has not been that. On the contrary, serious and responsible proposals for a renewed investigation – a new trial, if you will – have recently come from many quarters. The idea was first broached last summer by Richard N. Goodwin, the former presidential assistant, in a review of Edward Jay Epstein's book, *Inquest*. Mr. Goodwin suggested merely that an independent group should determine whether a new investigation is necessary. Others have since gone farther, among them *Life* magazine, Walter Lippmann,

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Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Senator Russell Long of Louisiana, the majority whip, and a number of congressmen. Even a member of the Warren Commission, Representative Hale Boggs of Louisiana, although he sees no reason for a full new investigation, has said that it might be well to have a panel of medical men and others report on photographs and X-rays of President Kennedy's body, made in the course of an autopsy that was performed at Bethesda Naval Hospital. (The Warren Commission found it unnecessary to examine these photographs and X-rays.) Governor Connally of Texas, who has risen rather intemperately to the defense of the Warren Commission, himself harbors grave doubts about one aspect of the commission's findings – doubts which formed the principal basis of *Life* magazine's conclusion that a new investigation should be undertaken. Evidently Governor Connally believes that we must continue to live with these doubts. Might he not have permitted himself also to doubt the proposition that no closer approach to the truth is possible than was achieved by the Warren Commission?

Obligation of the Doubters

Those, on the other hand, who do not accept the Warren Commission's conclusions are under an obligation to sort out their various objections and to distinguish between questions that are crucial to a solution of the assassination, and trivial issues or unfounded surmises. Such doubters and critics are under an obligation also to consider whether the important questions they believe to be still open can under any circumstances be answered – even in terms of probabilities, if not with complete assurance. And they must, finally, take account of arguments against the appropriateness or desirability of a new investigation.

One of these arguments, the contention that like a criminal trial, the Warren Commission's proceedings should not be reopened in the absence of new evidence, is entirely inapposite. Criminal trials are meant merely to find a given individual guilty or innocent of a given charge, so as to satisfy the demands of justice toward him, not the need of the society to know and understand its past, and perhaps learn from it. To the end of attaining a rather narrow, but hopefully exact, kind of justice, the criminal process is surrounded with the safeguards of the adversary system. Procedural regularity is ensured by subjecting the conduct of the trial to review, in tiers upon tiers of courts, if necessary, for as long, sometimes, as the 12 years that it took to settle the Caryl Chessman case. Factually, the verdict itself will be reviewed only for the grossest kind of error, the grossest kind of lack of conformity to the evidence presented; and it will be reopened and reconsidered only in response to the discovery of new evidence. Finality of judgment is insisted upon in this respect, because given procedural regularity at the first trial, and the same style and limitations that inhere in the system at the second one, there is no reason to believe that another jury would on the same evidence reach a different verdict – except by a chance to the benefit of which no defendant should be entitled.

But the Warren Commission, naturally enough, conducted no duly safeguarded adversary trial. It was no part of any continuous process for which the next case waits. It answered to a different public interest, and was consequently asked a broader question than the single, limited one that is put to a criminal trial. And it is not at all true that any new inquiry must necessarily be of the same sort and style as the Warren Commission's, and conducted by the same sort of people. Hence it is not to be assumed that, except by chance, another investigation, like another jury, is unlikely to come to different conclusions, or to support the same ones more soundly.

There are other reasons, however, why a new investigation should not be lightly undertaken. To begin with, the initial investigation was presided over by men, not least of all the Chief Justice of the United States, most of whom render other, distinguished public services. The prestige, the professional reputation, if not the good name, of each of these men are in some measure engaged in the Report of the Warren Commission, and must in some measure, however slight, be affected if the case is reopened. To be sure, the public interest should, in the end, override any concern for individual reputations, but there is a public interest also in fairness to valued public men, who were drafted to perform a thankless task, and in avoiding the risk, however minor, that the usefulness of these men in the discharge of their other public functions will be impaired. Second and more important, the very announcement of a new inquiry aimed at stilling doubt would initially reenforce and create doubt, of both the rational and irrational varieties. This is especially true in Europe, where the Warren Report has been received with incredulity by reasonable people, but also by irrational people gripped in all sorts of obsessions.

In responding to these arguments, one starts with the proposition, which was President Johnson's in November 1963, that it is the nation's responsibility, to itself and to its posterity, and as an act of piety to the fallen President, to know the truth "as far as it can be discovered," and to make it known, "to the American people, and to the world." It would seem clear, therefore, that weighty as some of the arguments against a new inquiry may be, they are decisively outweighed if we conclude that the essential truth has not been made known, officially, by our government, with the necessary precision and conviction. That is the

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heart of the matter. If important legitimate questions are asked that are answerable but are unanswered in the report, then, even for those who may find the answers implicit, or who reach them for themselves by an imaginative leap or by an act of faith, a fresh investigation is not merely desirable, it is as imperative as the first one was.

Putting aside wild speculation and surmise, the questions that have been raised about the Warren Report are generally of two kinds. First, there are all sorts of peripheral doubts; then there is the central issue: who committed the assassination, how and why? Peripheral puzzles are numerous, and recent books, such as those by Mark Lane and Leo Sauvage, put heavy emphasis on them. Why, for example, did the police officer who first discovered a rifle in the Texas School Book Depository Building think it was a Mauser, when Oswald's rifle was a Mannlicher-Carcano? Just how could the Dallas police have obtained and broadcast on the police radio a description of Oswald, however vague, within minutes after the assassination, and how could such a vague description have caused Officer J. D. Tippit, cruising some distance from the scene of the crime, to stop Oswald? And if he thought he was stopping a suspect, why did Officer Tippit approach Oswald without exercising caution? But why otherwise would he have stopped him? Was it Oswald Officer Tippit stopped, and did Oswald kill him?

Again, there is some unexplained evidence that Oswald, or someone mistaken for him, was seen in the weeks before the assassination at times and places inconsistent with the supposed movements of the actual Lee Harvey Oswald. Some of these incidents could be pursued further. But instances of mistaken identity and other marginal mysteries may be expected to cluster about such a totally notorious crime as the assassination of a President, and given what we do know about Oswald, they would not justify a new inquiry. The same is true of the question whether Oswald, as his wife believed, took a potshot at Major General Edwin A. Walker, in April 1963.

On the central issue of the assassination, the Warren Commission concluded – over the dissent on this point, we now know from Edward Jay Epstein's researches, of three of the seven commissioners – that Oswald, shooting from a sixth-floor window of the Texas School Book Depository Building, hit President Kennedy in the lower neck with a bullet that exited just below the Adam's apple and proceeded to wound Governor Connally in the chest, wrist and thigh. (This bullet, which left some tiny fragments in Governor Connally's wrist and thigh, fell out of his thigh onto a stretcher in Parkland Hospital in Dallas, the Commission said, and was recovered from that stretcher.) Another, fatal shot by Oswald then hit President Kennedy in the head. These conclusions have been questioned, most notably by Mr. Epstein, on the ground that certain FBI reports, as well as the evidence of the President's clothing, cast doubt on the location of the wound President Kennedy received in his back, and on the possibility that a bullet entering there could have exited at his throat; on the ground that it is not proven that the bullet recovered in Parkland Hospital came out of Governor Connally's thigh and from his stretcher; and on the ground that that bullet, wherever it might have come from, was altogether too whole to have inflicted Governor Connally's wounds, leaving in them the fragments that were left.

If Oswald did not shoot both President Kennedy and Governor Connally with a single bullet, as the commission concluded, the question of a second assassin must be faced, because on the commission's findings as to the timing of Oswald's hits – findings based on a reconstruction, and on a bystander's film of the assassination – there would not have been time between the moment when the President received his first wound and the moment when he received his last one for Oswald to have fired three shots, hitting the President once, Governor Connally with a separate shot and finally the President again, fatally. If three shots were fired in the interval posited by the commission, two riflemen must have been shooting. It is possible the commission was wrong in its conclusion about the timing of the hits, and that Oswald wounded President Kennedy first earlier than the commission assumed. This hypothesis, however, raises some difficulties of its own, and in any event, neither it nor its difficulties were explored.

Now these are serious doubts, not academic questions about just how the assassination was committed, but questions about who committed it. That Oswald participated in the assassination, that he fired at the presidential limousine, and even that he found his target – all this the commission established soundly enough. But did the commission establish in the same fashion that only Oswald was involved, and that only

COMING: *Stephen Spender reviews the poems and autobiography of Louis MacNeice*

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Oswald fired? On the other hand, could a new inquiry be expected, at this late date, to resolve the central issue of the assassination any more satisfactorily?

No second investigation is likely to produce a great deal in the way of fresh physical evidence or new factual testimonial evidence. One important exception is new evidence that should be examined but obviously not published – the photographs and X-rays of the President's body taken during the autopsy. These photographs, if not the X-rays, could verify the findings of the autopsy on the location of the President's back wound. The members of a new inquiry commission, having examined them with the assistance of independent experts in forensic medicine, should publish, not the photographs, but their own findings from them on the location of the wound.

The next task of a new commission would be, putting the matter succinctly, to exclude the possibility of a second assassin – or, of course, to pursue the possibility, and find him, if that is the direction in which the inquiry should point. (The utmost secrecy would have to be maintained about such a second suspect, in order to ensure that he could have a fair trial.) The Warren Commission never really tested theories of how the assassination might have been accomplished other than its own hypothesis concerning the timing of the hits, and the initial wounding of both President Kennedy and Governor Connally with a single bullet. A new investigation could posit and test other theories. For example, if Oswald first hit President Kennedy separately, earlier than the commission assumed, he would have had to get off a shot through an opening in a tree that for a few seconds blocked his view of the motorcade from his sixth-floor perch. Examining this possibility and the difficulties it raises (why did the bullet so fired, if there was one, penetrate only about a finger's length into the President's back? Could it have hit a branch first? Could it have been defective?) is not so much a matter of gathering new factual evidence as of reassessing known facts with the aid of ballistics and other experts.

Other theories may also suggest themselves as alternatives to the Warren Commission's one-bullet hypothesis. Nor is it inconceivable that the single-bullet hypothesis itself could be rehabilitated. Here some new testimonial evidence would be essential. Not all the persons connected with the stretchers used at Parkland Hospital were examined. If they now are, it may be possible to trace the bullet found in Parkland Hospital to Governor Connally's stretcher with some assurance. It might also be possible, with the assistance of experts, to determine that the Parkland Hospital bullet could in fact have inflicted Governor Connally's wounds. After all, the fragments left in Governor Connally were quite minor. The Warren Commission, in attributing all of Governor Connally's injuries to this bullet, is subject to criticism, not because it thus came to an utterly impossible conclusion, but because it simply ignored, and did not bother to refute directly, expert testimony to the contrary. Possibly that testimony can be convincingly refuted. Moreover, if it should turn out that all other hypotheses face insuperable difficulties, that in itself would give a sort of support to the single-bullet theory which it does not now have, since the commission did not explore other possibilities.

The Type of Commission Needed

What sort of a body should be entrusted with the task of conducting a reinvestigation? Another commission of prominent and prestigious dignitaries, busily engaged in the performance of their regular duties, would be unlikely to do a substantially better job than the Warren Commission did. What is called for is a small group of independent, experienced and responsible men, who can give their full time to the task – perhaps three or five federal and state judges on leave from their regular offices. Each commissioner would devote to the task the intense and exclusive concentration of a trial judge hearing a case without a jury. He would, for the time being, be immersed in the evidence, and in nothing else. Members of the Supreme Court, indispensable and irreplaceable as such, should not be asked to put all else aside, as Mr. Justice Jackson did when President Truman asked him to be the American prosecutor at the principal Nuremberg trial. But it ought to be possible to spare a few of the several hundred federal lower-court judges. They would need subpoena power, and the resources to hire their own investigators and experts. One of the Warren Commission's difficulties was that it used established federal investigative agencies (chiefly the FBI), which were not subject to its control, and whose work it could not direct or supervise. Staff and investigators and experts must in the closest way possible be extensions of the persons of the commissioners themselves.

Not another commission and not another three commissions can put a stop to all further speculation. But the Warren Report is more vulnerable than it needed to be. It has left many perfectly rational people unsatisfied. It is because of the existence of the central area of rational doubt that every wild surmise and every peripheral speculation now also gets a hearing, both in this country and in Europe. The central questions about the assassination can be answered more fully and more persuasively than the Warren Commission was able to answer them, and if that is done, further irresponsible speculation may not be stopped, but it will be discredited and muted.

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Paul Goodman

Student Chaplains

In our impersonal educational establishments, the religious adviser may be the one responsive person with whom human concerns can be discussed.

When I was in college, class of '31, we thought – justifiably or not – that a student going in for the ministry was probably a moron, intellectually on the level of candidate for officer in the army, but less sexy. Today, the estimate would be that he is more intellectual and probably more spirited than the average. I can think of several reasons for the change.

At present, a thoughtful and spirited young person who wants to be a professional might gravitate to the ministry *faute de mieux*, since most of the other professions have become arid or morally unacceptable. Medicine still has a noble image, though tarnished. Education, clinical psychology, and architecture are attractive, but the conditions for practicing them are increasingly dubious. Law looks pretty venal. The physical sciences have become too specialized and are grimly and increasingly tied to war. Engineering has lost its glamor since there is so much technology that is misused. Diplomaed social work and much sociology seem more like rackets than professions. Scholarship – being a college professor – seems to be just hanging on in school and not having a vocation at all. There are statistics that show a drift of bright and imaginative collegians from field to field: they start with engineering because they have a knack for it and it promises good money; they transfer to pure science but find it humanly unsatisfactory; they fall into the social sciences and are disillusioned; and they end up in the humanities – and then often drop out. The ministry is partly being in the humanities, and partly dropping out.

The possibility of tailor-making the conditions of practice is an attraction of the ministry. In other professions there has been a steady tendency for professionals to become professional personnel, agents of a bureaucracy or organization that determines policy and defines practice – as on the Highway Commission or the New York Board of Education, or with Merck or Skidmore, Owings and Merrill – so that responsibility to client and community get lost in the shuffle. In the ministry the present historical tendency is in the other direction. Organization is loosening – even among the Catholics – and a minister has a chance of shaping his ministry according to his lights. Thus, if a young man feels himself directed to progressive education, psychology, community development, theatre, legal aid, politics, he can reasonably hope to practice more freely in the ministry than in the school system, the Welfare Department, the Democratic Party, or on Broadway. At least there are shining examples of such freer and better practice. Church real estate, endowments, scholarships and grants are often peculiarly free-floating. For instance, there are interesting cases where a church group serves as a broker with the poverty program, then transmits the money for real democracy or education, which would be impossible without church sponsorship. Just because society has become more "secular," the physical church is less limited by the secular Establishment: its social functions have become fuzzy, but its nostalgic ideal, its tax exemption and its real estate persist; so it is again open to enterprise and spirit.

With dismaying rapidity during the past 30 years, society has become dehumanized. One can tick off the horrors: the Spanish War, World War II, the gas chambers, the atom bomb, the cold war, the stockpiling of atom bombs, the Frankenstein-monster technology, the unecological urbanization, the cumbersome centralization, the social engineering, the mass communications, the processing education, the trivializing of democracy. It is in this context that the professions have lost their humane spirit. By contrast the church, so long a pillar of orthodox society, has begun to recall, dimly, that it has something to do with humanity, with divinity. And young people who cannot breathe in the ambience of dehumanization and factory-education, are often willing to hang around the chaplain. Again *faute de mieux*. He may be a chump but he is not a machine, and he *might* be serious. For instance, if one wants to talk for real, in terms of happiness and duty, about sexual morals or the drug laws, it is useless to go to the school psychologist or a member of the American Medical Association, but one might have a meeting at the existentialist chaplain's. I never expected to see

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the day when the church would be the leader in "immorality!"

For one going into the ministry on these considerations, a campus post makes a lot of sense. It is certainly not an escape from the world, as some touchingly fear, if only because half our population is under 26. Forty percent of the college-age group is in college, six million at present, and these students, the dominant inheritors of our society, are the best hope, finally the sole hope, of altering our doom-bound course. Of course a campus post *is* a trap if the young chaplain has never really left school, if he has just continued in the academic environment like any other instructor and assistant professor. The campus is something to return to when one has made connections and taken on duties outside the campus.

Universities must be regarded both as schools for apprentice-professionals and as communities of the young. In both respects a campus minister has a major task. Given the narrow specialization, know-how orientation, and preparation of organization men that characterize most professional training, there is need to seek the human meaning of the professions. This ought to be the function of "the community of scholars" itself, but on most campuses there is no such community. There is no dialogue of the professors across their disciplines, the disciplines are not philosophically conceived, and the students are working for union cards. Take questions like the following: What happens to medicine in present urban conditions? What is the ethical and community responsibility of civil engineers? What is the responsibility of lawyers to change the laws under which they practice, so that justice may be done? What should the division of humanities be doing about TV? Does it make a difference to physics that the bulk of money for research and development is military? It is an amazing and melancholy fact of American universities that such essentially *professional* questions are likely to be discussed, if at all, in the YMCA or Hillel, not in the departments or divisions. If a minister means to serve where the need is, this is where it is.

"A Rash of Religiosity"

The majority of students, needless to say, are not in college for academic or professional reasons at all. The fact remains that there are these hundreds of communities of many thousands of young people, a social phenomenon unique in history. What can these communities make of themselves, for they have potentially a solidarity of peer loyalty and common interests in a society from which the young feel pretty alienated. Although the academic processing to which they are subjected is of minimal use to them as education, they do want an education that fits them. Thus, it is not surprising to find a young campus chaplain providing a forum for political action, funds for social action in the neighborhood, and facilities for the student-initiated "free university." On the other hand, I doubt that the ministers are as useful as they used to be in providing conventional pastoral services like personal counseling, solace or spiritual guidance. These young, the first post-Freudian generation in America, have techniques of human contact among themselves, and they are as little likely voluntarily to take their troubles to the chaplain as to the psychologist provided by the institution. Also, if the chaplain is young, he is no wiser than they, and if he is "over 30" he is not to be trusted.

It may sound paradoxical, but a major function of a campus ministry today is, or should be, theological. I don't mean sectarian proselytizing, which is hopeless anyway, nor carrying on the traditional ritual except as a sociable and hopefully esthetic satisfaction for the diminishing number of young traditionalists. (Middle-class Jews are a special case, for their parents' guilt about not having been killed by Hitler has produced a kind of second-growth traditionalism.) In my observation, it is an error to say that the present-day young are not interested in religion in a metaphysical sense. It would be odd if this were so, in the transitional and revolutionary state of our world, facing as it does a literal apocalypse. A solid agnosticism, even more than a solid faith, requires a stable world on the march to a rational paradise – a world one might have believed in when John Dewey was a boy.

Instead, the young have been seeking knowledge in Zen, in Yoga, in love feasts with or without sex, in primitive music, in drug rituals. They counter the discontents of civilization with a hankering for primitive experience, the complicated socialization with a desperate effort for personal communion, the complicated technology with experimental sacraments to produce instant salvation, the computer rationalism with a willingness to go crazy – temporarily. It is a rash of religiosity, and it is *intensely* intellectual – they bore you to distraction with their theories and evidences.

My impression is that among adolescents there are less crises of either conversion or loss of faith than there used to be, within the traditional creeds; but there are much more religious crises a few years later. Also, there is no definite line, and sometimes no difference at all, between dissident moral and political behavior and religious feelings and experiments. The climate is somewhat like in Dostoevski's *The Possessed*, which described a social order that was also on the skids. Chaplains who say that the students are interested in action but not in religion should ponder the implications of the student word "commitment."

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In my opinion, the chaplains are themselves bewildered, and the more "liberal" and "modern" they have been by disposition and training the more odd the theological scenery looks. For the "liberal" trends have not only failed to prevent but have furthered the catastrophic crisis of dehumanization. For instance, our present ecumenism is certainly a natural historical development of the 19th century missionary movement passing into the universalist tolerance and cooperation of the League of Nations, the United Nations, One World of communications, travel, trade and technology. But this history takes on a sinister meaning when the One World consists of great powers equipped with atom bombs, when the majority of mankind is growing relatively and absolutely poorer, and when Christianity has no claim to moral respect. Ecumenism then becomes either a hoax or a revolutionary political idea with unforeseeable consequences. Similarly the social gospel, starting in the industrial revolution and developing through the settlement houses and government welfare programs to the war on poverty and community development, has an ambiguous ring when social work begins to look like social engineering and when the middle class to which we want to uplift the poor is morally bankrupt. Perhaps law and order have ceased to be an option for serious Christians. And consider what has become of the century-old dialectic between the rational institutionalism of the enlightenment, Hegel, and the utilitarians – and the existentialism of Kierkegaard and Nietzsche. This was variously mediated by class struggle and anarchism, by personalism and psychoanalysis, by Gandhian *satyagraha*. But the dialectic falls to pieces when the rationalist pole reaches its climax and the theodicy is finished. Specifically, if Teilhard de Chardin is right and there now exists in the world a giant spirit of communications imbued with divine love – and sounding suspiciously like a universal information-retrieval computer – what is the recourse of spirit incarnate in flesh and blood except to burn the IBM card and break off the dialogue by going batty?

Admittedly, for the majority of young people today the Western tradition is quite dead. Chaplains neither can revive it nor, in my opinion, do they *have* any doctrine to teach. But they can provide centers and be centers for confusion to express itself.

The Death of the Waterbugs

Fleet, nimble as fish, fired
By hunger, they'd farm my bachelor's board
And fish my flinty cups for luck.
Work done, love loved, death ahead,
I like them – little ones! sudden and mad
At my late lamp, helling it for cracks
Like sportscars in the track's
Untidy, lawless infield. But they stole
And, alas, to be god is to be just:
Saxon sanitation burnt the air; I sprayed
The whole damned place with Raid.

Night again. They came curving, skidded,
Hit a ditch in life, flipped and hummed
The ruined air to prove whatever breathes
Can summon pain and die. I watched like God:
Crisp corpses littered the universe.
What had been fleet and vivid
Was shelled of impulse like a husk.

In a *New York Times* monotone
A bony asian crone bends
Like a willow above her child.
Both weep. The child's mouth and nose
Are smeared. G. I. chocolate?
It won't wipe. The nose is gone.
Napalm. Behind this handful of pain
Her home and hearth are flame.
Scattered on the ground, her man,
The body she lay beneath and clucked
And sighed to get the child.

Lodged like a lance in the mane
My heart, my little lion part, has clenched
Into an impulse pumping ragged
Pain and hate into the provinces
Of flesh sheer nerve now holds together.
Neither cigarettes, drink, nor sex
Can insulate. Pillow gnarled,
I run the Sunrise Highway chasing
Sleep until a prowling cop
Who thinks that dope's the thing
Hauls me home to hell.
In the pale light, Hygeia's plaster
Head, once so clear, is an asiatic
Death masque. Reams of stale smoke
Disbody her – burnt flesh could smell
So. I walk from my nightmare Dachau
Into the kitchen; the blood
My own nails draw above
The wrist barely stains the water
Washing the waterbugs away.

FREDERIC YOUNG

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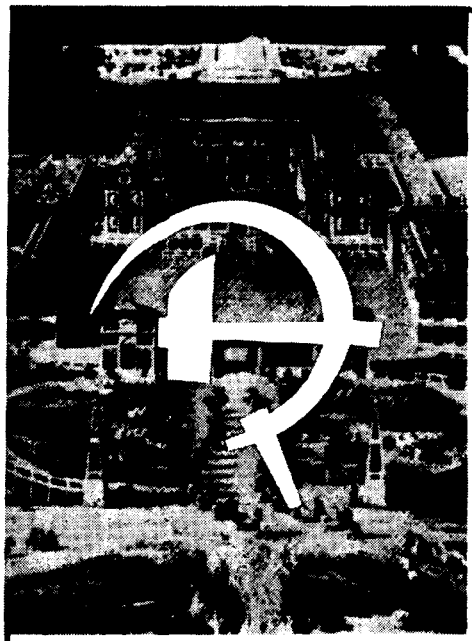

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN *James Joyce*

Yes, yes, we know before we pick them up that these letters* are secondary; that what matters about Joyce is his work; and that, even as far as biography is concerned, there is little of first import to be added to what Richard Ellmann has already written in his excellent book. Yet some reviewers have not only been kind enough to tell us that the novels are better than the letters, they have also warned us that these letters reveal Joyce as egotistical, money-grubbing, sexually fantastic, whining, and otherwise dappled with imperfections. We reel at the revelation, and read on. Some of the letters, reviewers warn us, are tedious or trivial. We skip a bit now and then; and read on. We read on, not because we expected that these letters would equal his art or magnify his person, but because they are by Joyce. They are further manifestations of the human being who wrote those novels and stories, and they help to confirm – which is difficult sometimes to believe – that those books were in fact written by a mere human being.

In his preface to Stanislaus Joyce's book *My Brother's Keeper* (a justified title, as applied to the earlier years), T. S. Eliot wrote that, because so much of Joyce's work seems autobiographical:

> "We want to know who are the originals of his characters, and what were the origins of his episodes, so that we may unravel the web of memory and invention and discover how far and in what ways the crude material has been transformed."

Yes, we do want to "know" and to "unravel" and, in some degree, these letters assist; and when they do not directly assist, they sometimes provide sidelights. (For example, Jung wrote Joyce a generally complimentary letter about *Ulysses*, and Joyce wrote to a friend that Jung seemed to have read the book "from first to last without one smile.") But even when there is no demonstrable benefit, these letters – even the undeniably tedious ones – are treasurable. What we want, when we admire an artist as much as many of us admire Joyce, is to succumb to sentiment. It is no use telling us the cool truth: that if we had really known him, we would only have been disappointed. (I know a man who once watched Joyce for an hour at a Paris café table, and all he saw was Joyce yawn twice.) Who dares to decide finally which relics of the great are dispensable? The opportunity for hero-worship is one of the secondary benedictions of great art.

Here, then, are two thick volumes of letters from and to Joyce, edited by Richard Ellmann. They supplement the previous volume edited by Stuart Gilbert (which has just been reissued with corrections). Gilbert's volume ranged over the whole span of Joyce's life, and these new volumes do likewise, because so many more letters have come to light. (Ellmann even has an appendix containing some letters that were discovered too late to be put in chronological order.)

Certainly some of them are negligible. Certainly Ellmann has occasionally overdone his careful and helpful job of notation (as when he documents minor misdating). But, in a collection of this kind, some materials that would be considered irrelevant by some are relevant to others. For example, there is a seven-line note which, says Ellmann, Joyce passed under the table to his wife at a café, to patch up a quarrel. It is of no literary consequence and contains no new information about the marriage, but I found it – and the circumstance of its writing – fascinating. Books like these are not to be judged as art. The pertinent judgments have been made earlier, and either one wants a work like this to exist or one doesn't. I do.

Still I could wish for some small changes or additions. Often one misses the reply to a letter, sent or received. Subjects are raised and dropped unfinished. For instance, whatever happened to Warner Brothers' interest in filming *Ulysses* or to the film scenario of that book by S. J. Reisman and Louis Zukofsky? And I question the practice of printing letters in foreign languages in the body of the text, with translations in fine italics below and with footnotes keyed to the original languages rather than to the translations. The reverse practice would have been more helpful: the translations in the main body with the footnotes keyed to them, and with the originals printed below for those who want them. Most of us would have assumed that, say, Ettore Schmitz (Italo Svevo) wrote originally in Italian; when he wrote in English, it could have been noted. As for Joyce, we are all aware of his fluency in Italian (including its Triestine dialect), and in French, German, and Danish; to feature his writings in those languages is not precisely the point of a book in English.

Joyce, contrary to other writers in so many ways, is contrary too in the interest of his letters. Usually an author's letters become more rewarding as he ages, as he becomes celebrated and meets the celebrated, as he makes his best art and responds to the world that recognizes it. (Proust, for example.) But with Joyce, the chief interest is in his early discovery of his uniqueness, his courage (one may say) in accepting it, his battle to sustain it. Even the early begging letters to his brother are more lively than some of the later letters arranging terms and dunning donors. Ellmann's second volume – properly Volume III – is far from dull, but it has a slight flavor of a court gazette as Joyce became a reigning monarch of patrons and pioneering publishers. This last volume contains some particularly fascinating letters by others, including one from Schmitz describing a performance of *Exiles* in London and one by Shaw that should scotch forever the myth that he was puritanically blind to Joyce's genius; but the earlier letters are Joyce's account of a relatively lone fight.

In them we traverse the struggles for money and for self, and above all we perceive the enormous patience and self-confidence. But these qualities are

(Continued on page 45)

Letters of James Joyce, Volumes II and III, Edited by Richard Ellmann (Viking; $25).

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Modern Times

by Joseph Featherstone

Barrington Moore, Jr. is a lecturer on sociology at Harvard who does sociology in the grand manner, the historical manner of Marx and Weber. For him, as for the masters, the essential aspect of human life is change through time, and his themes are growth, transformation, and decay. His work has none of the static bias, the attempt to establish timeless abstract categories that preoccupies much contemporary American social thought. Readers of his first book, *Soviet Politics: Dilemma of Power* (1951), had the rare pleasure of encountering a work of scholarship that was in the service of a distinctive vision of life. Moore's vision is tragic: for him, history is the realm of exploitation, terror, and violence. Hegel speaks of history as a slaughter bench, and says he cannot avoid asking for what final purpose its monstrous sacrifices are made. Moore cannot avoid the question either. In his reading of modern history there is pointless suffering and suffering that leads to progress and even freedom; but suffering is a constant.

Social Origins of Dictatorship and Democracy
by Barrington Moore, Jr.
(Beacon; $10)

There is a tension in his thought between what he sees as the possibilities for action in any historical situation and his own radical sympathies. *Soviet Politics* was "a natural history of a successful protest movement," a disillusioned account of the attempts of the Russian communists to put revolutionary ideals into practice. Moore showed how, in order to gain and hold power, the Party was forced to use means that contradicted its aims and made them impossible to achieve. Ultimately, he argued, the only Marxist-Leninist principle that became a reality was the transfer of the ownership of the means of production to society. In other respects the Bolsheviks were obliged to settle for compromises that violated their beliefs, but were, according to Moore's analysis, inherent features of the industrial state they wanted to create: organized social inequality, competition, and Russia's role in the world of international power politics. *Soviet Politics* was a meditation on the meaning of the word "utopian," a subtle and complex exploration of the role of ideas in political action. It was an exercise in historical cynicism, if cynicism can mean the weariness and pity of someone who has seen too many hopes dashed.

The limits of the possibilities for action are to a great extent framed by economic factors: Moore believes that the way a society produces and distributes goods limits the way in which other problems – such as politics – can be solved. Thirty years ago, in crude and often silly formulations, this was a popular view in America. For the last twenty years, it has been out of fashion. Now, however, the intellectual cycle has gone at least half a complete turn again, and to many people it is likely to seem a truism that the material conditions of life decisively limit the options available to any society. Whether ideals or the forces of production propel history no longer appears to be a very interesting question – a factory, after all, is both a set of material arrangements and a system of ideas in the heads of management and workers – and most intelligent readers today will be more curious to know the specific ways in which Moore makes use of his undoctrinaire economic emphasis. They will be impressed by the depth of the analysis.

His ambitious new book, *Social Origins of Dictatorship and Democracy*, is an attempt to compare the major roads taken from the pre-industrial to the modern world. There are essays on England, France, and the American Civil War, as well as on China, Japan, and India, the three quite distinct Asian responses to modernization.

The Western chapters are thoughtful syntheses, particularly the persuasive, but uneasy piece on the American Civil War – Moore has some difficulty fitting America into his scheme, and it is characteristic of his scholarship to lay weak cards on the table along with the strong. The argument about the Western nations is rich and full of qualifications and concessions, but, put very baldly, it goes something like this: all the major capitalist democracies, the more or less open societies of our epoch, have passed through a civil war or a period of revolutionary violence in which certain aspects of the old order were destroyed – royal absolutism and the poorer peasantry in England, the landed aristocracy in France, slavery in America. (There is a problem, as I mentioned, about American slavery as an equivalent to an *ancien régime*, but Moore argues that it was in the end incompatible with development along democratic lines. The essay is fascinating.) This destruction made it possible for the social struggle to continue within a democratic framework. There were different ways to make the violent break with the past: but Moore argues that the break was necessary. Revolutionary violence was the price for freedom.

If this is true, it suggests a caution about moderation, the virtue that successful, gloating nations like to preach to the brooding nations. It would be a mistake for the successful not to recognize the dark shadow cast by the history of their freedom, not to see that their open societies were gained by violence. (It would be a worse mistake to conclude that because this freedom was tainted or incomplete, it was not worth having.) To the successes of history, whose memories are short, violence is the worst thing that can happen; to the victims of history the worst thing would be the perpetuation of the present. This difference in outlook is

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worth remembering. Moore is not so much apologizing for violence as he is pleading for historical perspective, recognition that in some circumstances the long-run costs of moderation are likely to be as fearful as or more fearful than the costs of revolutionary violence. Keeping together the crazy patchwork of some *ancien régime* may satisfy the policeman's instincts for law and order; it may also preclude the possibility of future progress and condemn the people of the society to a quiet day-by-day violence as terrible as that of any revolution. Unless we are prepared to say that the slow, smokeless burning of decay is always preferable to the fires of revolution, then we had better think twice before playing God with other people's lives.

The Western essays are very good, but the book's most impressive achievement is its discussion of the role of the peasant in modern times. Americans are just beginning to see that parts of their own history can best be understood as the impact of an urban and technological order on a rural mind, and now Moore forces us to lift up our eyes and see this change as a rather small and special aspect of a world-wide process. The key to much recent history is the figure of the peasant. And even if Lin Piao is no prophet, and the world does not divide up shortly between warring camps of the poor rural areas and the rich cities of the West, the peasant is likely to continue making history. Four-fifths of the people in the world still live in villages.

Moore points out the peasant is peculiarly the victim of the modern era. He plays a central role in the French, Chinese, and Russian revolutions, but by and large the role is destructive, and except for France, where the peasantry has continued as an unsettling element to this day, peasants seldom take part in the new revolutionary order they help to power. Peasants and small artisans provide the social basis for radicalism, but if the new order is to be truly modern, it ends by crushing them and putting an end to their small rural universe.

In Asia, the peasant's main struggle has been against political regimes dominated by landlords. The Asian landowning classes failed to adopt commercial agriculture, and thus avoided running the risks of modernization. Instead, they used political and military machinery to keep the peasants on the land, their rents rising with the increase in population. In time, the landlords became more and more dependent on the state to maintain their power, especially in China and Japan. There was misery enough in China, Japan, and India to provoke a revolution, but revolution only broke out in China. Moore's explanation for this is, again, rich and full of qualifications, but the relevant factors in each country seem to be the relations between peasants and the classes that live off their labor, relations with the state, and arrangements within peasant communities.

Thus in China (a purer type of the peasant revolution than Russia) the central government played an important role in the social order, helping the landlords to extract a surplus from the peasantry, and, equally important, preventing the rise of a class of independent merchants and manufacturers. Village life in China lacked the cohesiveness of Japanese or Indian village life (hence the significance of Sun Yat-sen's complaint that Chinese society was a sand-heap.) These were some of the social ingredients which the Communists and the Japanese invasion fused together, putting China on the road to peasant revolution and totalitarian modernization.

Japanese development, on the other hand, followed a line of development closer to that of modern Germany. Mercantile influences did undermine the agrarian order, but as in Germany, there was nothing like a successful bourgeois revolution. Japanese villagers were strongly influenced by local landowners and the state, while the tight social organization of isolated villages diffused and snuffed out dissent. The political control of the state by the landlords allowed them to make the peasants pay for the initial accumulation of capital necessary for industrialization. As ever, the peasants paid the costs of modernization; and this time there was no revolution. Economic success on these terms, Moore argues, was connected to the rise of Japanese fascism, for Japan's remarkable economic transformation was, like Germany's, a political disaster. Here the thesis recalls Thorstein Veblen's brilliant diagnosis of Germany as a sick society where a modern industrial order was badly grafted onto pre-industrial institutions and modes of thought. Since Japan is usually taken as an example of successful and peaceful modernization, the point is worth emphasizing: in Moore's scheme of things, a revolution is not necessary for economic growth, but if industrialization is to lead to a freer society, then a violent break with the pre-industrial past is probably necessary.

The chapter on India is inconclusive and troubled, for the history of India's modernization has scarcely begun. Moore sees the caste system as the main mechanism through which the landed classes extracted a surplus from the countryside. He points out that part of the chaos of the Indian scene lay in the peculiar non-role of politics: to the confusion of Marxist theorists, the Indian landed classes did not need the assistance of a government to maintain their position. There, government was external to the social order, a nuisance imposed by a series of alien conquerors of which the British were only the last. Moore is puzzled and intrigued by the existence of what he admits to be a genuinely democratic

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FREEDOM AND ORDER IN THE UNIVERSITY

Edited with an introduction by Samuel Gorovitz

Essays by Paul Goodman, Walter P. Metzger, John R. Searle, Sanford H. Kadish, and Mortimer R. Kadish

The principal concern of this book is the conflict between the desire for individual freedom and the need for social order, with particular emphasis on problems arising out of this conflict within the university. The writers share broad agreement about the objectives and obligations of the university and the value of allowing students and staff alike full freedom for growth and development.

Yet their positions cover a broad spectrum, and sharp disagreements emerge. Goodman holds that the only defensible order arises out of total freedom; Metzger provides an eloquent historical account of the development of academic freedom and appeals for its extension to students; Searle develops guidelines for dealing with problems of student freedom; and S. Kadish offers a defense of the judicious imposition of behavior-governing rules. Each of these essays receives comments from the other writers, and the final essay, by M. Kadish, presents a reflective discussion of the positions taken and the issues involved.

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political system in India, and suggests that the existence of this moderate, parliamentary regime may be a factor in India's relative stagnation.

There is nothing dogmatic or categorical in Moore's sketches of the three routes to modernization – the revolutionary bourgeois and communist paths, and the non-revolutionary fascist path. He is not searching for iron laws of history or inevitabilities, and he is quite aware that comparisons of historical events do not constitute proofs. His conclusions are offered simply as the convincing hypotheses that they are. It would be wrong to read *Social Origins of Dictatorship and Democracy* as a single-minded defense of revolution. Certainly Moore insists on the costs of going without a revolution: fascism, with its victims and its wars of aggression, or the muted sufferings of people living in backward nations where no revolution has occurred. He also insists that the peaceful and affluent Western societies are the children of revolutionary violence. But he concedes that revolution is no guarantee of freedom and that "the claims of existing socialist states to represent a higher form of freedom than Western democratic capitalism rest on promises, not performance." He believes that the repressive measures of communist regimes have far exceeded revolutionary necessities, and acknowledges that the most general fate of communist revolutions has been to create new classes with vested interests in domination. There is a kind of final radical tribute to the ideal of revolution in the closing sentences of the book, a hope (or is it a fear?) that revolution might some day be the last resort against what he sees as the increasingly repressive tendencies of all the great world powers. The tribute is moving, but like the revolutionary rhetoric of much of the New Left, it scarcely masks a profound despair.

There are some flaws. Although the book is already unwieldy, Moore made a mistake in not including chapters on Germany and Russia, since much of his argument assumes an understanding of the course of development of these two countries. Also the comparative method, which he handles so brilliantly, makes even his lucid prose seem somewhat abstract and schematic. Often the book seems to be a study of how you got the possibility of democracy or fascism, rather than a study of the actual content of democracy or fascism: the options are set up by history; Moore shows what is possible, then he moves on, without filling things in. Cultural factors seem slighted. To some extent this is because Moore is polemically opposed to the school of social analysis that emphasizes values and beliefs as though they somehow lead a life of their own; but another reason cultural factors are underplayed is that he is engaged in comparisons. He has purchased general insights at the price of historical specificity, and in this case most readers will agree that he has struck a magnificent bargain. Moore himself has spoken eloquently against the use of history as a storehouse of samples to ransack in order to establish general theories, and against the naïve assumption that the facts of history are discrete and comparable particles, like the units of statistical analysis. Beyond questions of quantity, as Whitehead said, lie questions of patterns, and Moore's careful work is a standing rebuke to social scientists who imagine that quantitative data, like virtue, are their own reward. Since human societies are historical, every event is unique and qualitatively different, and whenever analytic abstractions are used, a certain amount of historical truth gets sacrificed. This is, of course, a caution about their use, not an argument against them. Apart from its other merits, this book should serve as a handbook on how to think usefully in comparative and historical terms.

Moore does what many historians dream of doing; he sees general truths in historically unique situations. Using a vast range of theories and kinds of explanations, he has written a work of deep, cumulative insight into the forces that make our turbulent age.

Great scholarship need not be of practical use, and perhaps it is not important that few position papers will be based on *Social Origins of Dictatorship and Democracy*. Yet it could be a practical book. Any fair reader who reflects on the matter will probably conclude that Moore's picture of the world is substantially accurate, whereas the pictures of the world inside the heads of

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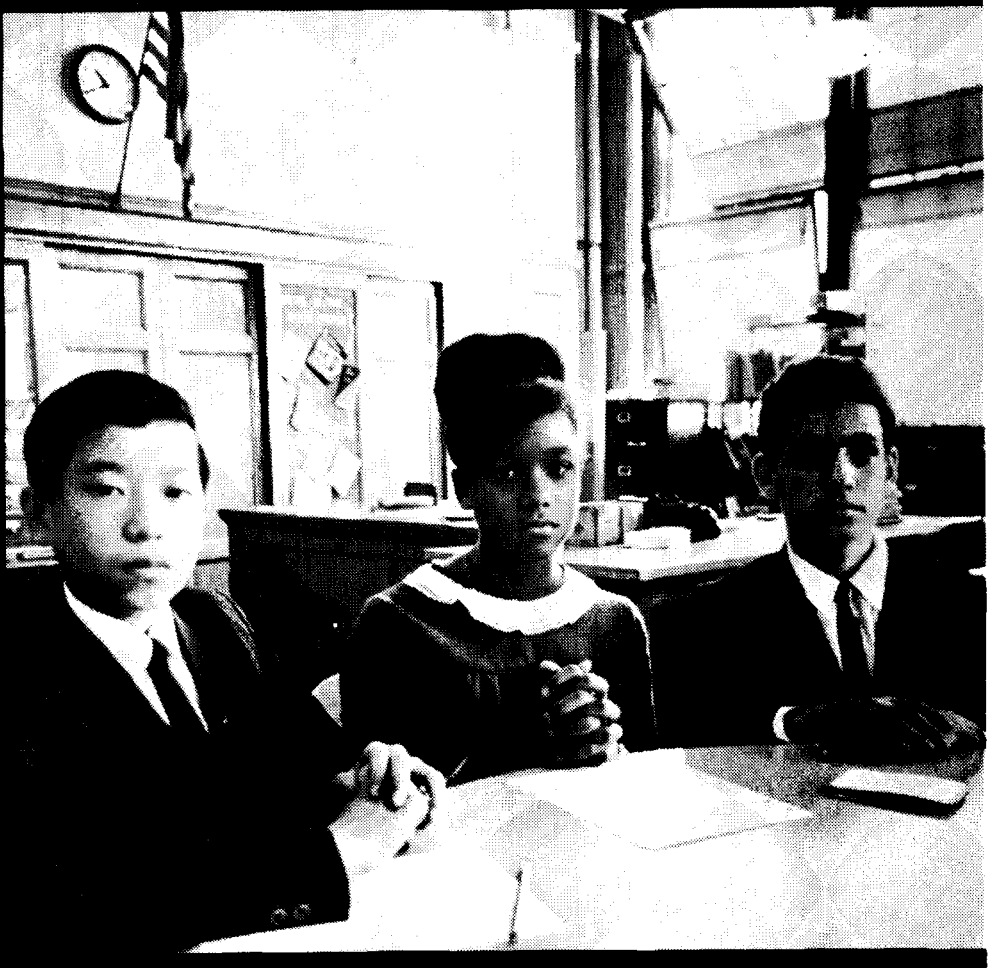
ound a peaceful way to fight in Vietnam. But they need your help.



Jones Wong, Janet Crawford and obert Cirkiel are three of the lead-rs. But there are 2400 more like hem at Olinville Junior High chool in the Bronx. The youngest 12. The oldest, 15. All of them are elping a Vietnamese child and his amily in their fight against hunger nd despair.

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men like Dean Rusk are substantially inaccurate. The crude empirical absolutes that do service for thought, the absurd lessons of history read so sagely from the textbooks in international relations, the dubious historical parallels drawn between Vietnam and Munich, the justifications of paper democracies lacking any social basis – how sadly ridiculous the whole apparatus of pop scholarship seems in contrast to the real thing. The American folk medicine that thinks of nations as dominos and communisms as cancers needs a much greater dash of truth and cleansing relativism than one lone book could provide, but this would at least be a start, a ray of light breaking into the dim realms of self-deception where no sun shines.

The World of Levi-Strauss

by Patrick Gallagher

The certainty that the boundaries of one's society define the frontiers of humanity – that all societies outside the boundary are thereby equally outside the pale of reason, mere clusters of gibbering savages – is curiously widespread. In the Western world, the certainty takes the form of a grand dichotomy, and all of mankind is split into two mutually exhaustive and contrastive camps, the primitive and the civilized. This value judgment, generally seen as objective and the immediate deliverance of experience, is the result of our facile application of the technological yardstick, used not just to measure but also to chastise simpler societies. If the members of a society are baffled by the mechanical mystery of the wheelbarrow and have no GL-70 in their toothpaste, then they are hardly civilized. Further, if they make no contribution to the problem of getting automobile clocks to work, they are lazy or sloppy thinkers; and the Western evaluator can only conclude, through gritted teeth, that they are savages who pray in a language unintelligible to God. Hence, aside from a few romanticists of "Noble Savage" persuasion, philosophers (notably Cassierer, Langer, and more recently, Sartre) have deplored the "mythopoetic thinking" of primitives which they contrast with the "logico-empirical" thinking that permits the construction, or even the use, of machines that can melt cities. These philosophers have done little more than change the spelling of the notion advanced (and later retracted) by the French anthropologist, Lévi-Bruhl, the notion that primitive men think "mystically." Somehow it is fitting that a countryman of Lévi-Bruhl's should, some forty years later, come to the rescue of primitive man with the book under review, *The Savage Mind*.

The Savage Mind
by Claude Lévi-Strauss
Translated by George Weidenfeld
(Chicago; $5.95)

The book itself, like other works by Lévi-Strauss, is such a cultivated product that reading it nearly tempts one to propose another dichotomy, with the good guys labeled something like "Thinkers of the French Intellectual Tradition," and to conclude that France is a pinpoint of light engulfed by howling barbaric blackness. In any case, it is surely true that the erudition, imagination, elegance, and wit displayed by Lévi-Strauss have earned him a place as the charismatic hero of the pop culture of anthropologists. In these days, the savage needs every defender he can get. But even so, it is rather an underdog notion that primitives think badly; hence the notion deserves sympathy more than it merits attack, especially attack by such a formidable Saint George. The notion arose for a number of reasons, one of which is, as Lévi-Strauss puts it, "the capacity which any foreign society presents to anyone looking at it from the outside, and which leads him to project the lacunae in his own observations on to it in the form of positive attributes." As a participant observer, the anthropologist ideally has by contrast an inside view of a foreign society, a view which often reveals the culture to be a creative statement, which, like a good theory, shows the underlying unity in what would otherwise be a chaotic mess, in the same way that the theory of synthetic evolution permits the fruitful classification of the bat with the whole, despite their overwhelming points of dissimilarity.
points of dissimilarity.

Another reason for the notion of primitive mentality is the foreign observer's insistence on interpreting literally what is meant symbolically. This kind of interpretation is so frequent that occasionally even the natives protest, as did an Osage informant whom Lévi-Strauss quotes: "We do not believe . . . that our ancestors were really animals, birds, etc., as told in traditions. These things are only [symbols] of something higher." It is as though an unsympathetic Martian anthropologist, recording our Santa Claus myth, smirks as he compares the report of Santa's girth with the restricted internal measurements of the chimney in the informant's house. It is perhaps difficult to avoid this sort of literal interpretation, but surely a great deal of the tourist's amusement on viewing a rain dance would be dispelled if he were to learn that the natives dance only at the very end of the dry season.

Yet another reason is, "When an exotic custom fascinates us in spite of (or on account of) its apparent singularity, it is generally because it presents us with a distorted reflection of a familiar image, which we confusedly recognize as such without yet

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managing to identify it." Some of the most charming and telling of Lévi-Strauss' ethnographic examples are addressed to points like this one, as when he describes the Australian aborigine's preoccupation:

> "It is known that the churinga are stone or wooden objects, roughly oval in shape with pointed or rounded ends, often engraved with symbolic signs, sometimes just pieces of wood or unworked pebbles. Whatever its appearance, each churinga represents the physical body of a definite ancestor and generation after generation, it is formally conferred on the living person believed to be this ancestor's reincarnation. The churinga are hidden in piles in natural caves, far from frequented ways. Periodically they are taken out to be inspected and handled, and on these occasions they are always polished, greased and coloured, and prayers and incantations are addressed to them. Their role and the treatment accorded to them thus have striking analogies with the documentary archives which we secrete in strongboxes or entrust to the safe-keeping of solicitors and which we inspect from time to time with the care due to sacred things, to repair them if necessary or to commit them to smarter dossiers. On these occasions we too are prone to recite great myths recalled to us by the contemplation of the torn and yellowed pages: the deeds and achievements of our ancestors, the history of our homes from the time they were built or first acquired."

Statements of this sort are seductive, of course, but as one smiles in recognition and agreement, a disquieting thought remains: Lévi-Strauss is not defending savages from the accusation of primitive thought nearly as much as he is attacking certain modes of civilized thought. Consider, for example, how the reader is lured along by the following propositions to the final punch line:

> "Non-representational painting adopts 'styles' as 'subjects'. It claims to give a concrete representation of the formal conditions of all painting. Paradoxically the result is that non-representational painting does not, as it thinks, create works which are as real as, if not more real than, the objects of the physical world, but rather realistic imitations of non-existent models. It is a school of painting in which each artist strives to represent the manner in which he would execute his pictures if by chance he were to paint any."

Or again, in a long section of the book devoted to a detailed rebuttal of Sartre's conception of primitive mentality, one reads the remarkable statement:

> "It is precisely because all these aspects of the savage mind can be discovered in Sartre's philosophy, that the latter is in my view unqualified to pass judgment on it: he is prevented from doing so by the very fact of furnishing its equivalent. To the anthropologist, on the contrary, this philosophy (like all the others) affords a first-class ethnographic document, the study of which is essential to an understanding of the mythology of our own time."

Lévi-Strauss is even harder on his colleagues in anthropology, it would seem. But then, it's hard to know, for many passages in the book are replete with paradox, with wit, and with word play (even the French title, *La pensée sauvage*, is a pun); and I cannot claim to have followed him in all his excursions into the nature of anthropological classification and model construction. ("The whole set," he explains of one model proposed midway through the book, "constitutes a sort of conceptual apparatus which filters unity through multiplicity, multiplicity through unity, diversity through identity, and identity through diversity. Endowed with a theoretically unlimited extension on its median level it contracts (or expands, into pure comprehension at its two extreme vertices, but in symmetrically reverse forms, and not without undergoing a sort of torsion.") Accordingly, some questions still nagged me as I closed the book, including: To what extent is Lévi-Strauss serious? To what extent intelligible? It may well be that if these questions are genuine, they will be resolved only by future research. Marshall D. Sahlins of the University

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of Michigan has, in fact, already delightfully suggested a possible strategy for such research: "Given these conditions, and a non-Western world rapidly being populated by ex-savages, understanding Lévi-Strauss could replace fieldwork as the means to an anthropological reputation."

The Mormons

by Gerald W. Johnson

No American, except, perhaps, a student of comparative religion, has any legitimate concern with the dogma and internal organization of any religious sect of which he is not a member. But we don't believe it and will never believe it as long as men continue to base political action on theological concepts.

The Mormon Establishment
by Wallace Turner
(Houghton, Mifflin; $6)

From the first invasion of the continent by English-speakers, the Virginians persecuted the Puritans, the Puritans persecuted Quakers and Baptists, all hands persecuted first the Jews, later the Catholics, after that the Mormons, and today the Jehovah's Witnesses. The only material change is that whereas in the early days the gravamen of the dissenter's offending was thought to be the insult of God; now it is the insult to the magistrates, a much more serious offense. As the sects successively have been bludgeoned into submission to the magisterial authority, they have become respectable, and persecution has shifted to some other group.

What may fairly be called a textbook case of this progression is that of the Church of the Latter Day Saints, commonly known as Mormons because they accept as Holy Writ the *Book of Mormon*, which to others seems to be a curious farrago of Calvinism, Judaism, Hinduism and Voodooism. In the early part of the nineteenth century Mormons, along with Negroes and Chinese, were regarded as logical, not to say legitimate, prey of lynching mobs. Today they have three members in the United States Senate, eight in the House, and one is a likely candidate for the Republican nomination for President of the United States.

As the President is the only magistrate (except the Vice President) elected by all the people of the republic, it is legitimate to ask to what extent, if any, a candidate's religious tenets may interfere with his wholehearted acceptance of the authority of the people. The answer is "Not at all," in the case of such a Mormon as Governor Romney, says Mr. Tanner, admitting, however, that the Governor is not representative of all members of his church.

In the existing circumstances this assurance is apposite, for there is some pretty rough stuff in the original Mormon canon. From the age of 17 Joseph Smith, the first Prophet, had a familiar spirit named Moroni, purporting to be the Angel of the Lord. Moroni instructed Joseph to dig a certain spot in upstate New York and he unearthed plates of gold engraved with characters in an unknown tongue which Joseph, with the aid of two magic gems, was able to translate and to dictate in English to an amanuensis. Moroni then took away the plates so it is not possible to compare them with the translations. This, with "revelations" made from time to time to Joseph and his successors, especially his first successor, Brigham Young, is the canonical text of the Mormon faith. It includes polygamy, as everybody knows, but also modified versions of Calvinistic predestination, the Hebrew *lex talionis*, Hindu Karma, and Moslem asceticism – tea and coffee, as well as alcohol and tobacco are forbidden to strict Mormons.

None of this offers a serious challenge to our political system. Even polygamy is widely accepted by Americans, provided only that it is practiced serially, not simultaneously. But there are three whose acceptance by a President of the United States would raise a question of his qualification for the office. One is the Blood Atonement, justifying the execution of a reprobate for certain sins, whether or not they violate the statute law. A second is the dogma that the whole Negro race still lies under the curse of Cain because, in a previous spiritual existence their souls gave only lukewarm support to Jehovah in his war with Lucifer.

It is hardly credible that either of these is taken seriously enough by an intelligent Mormon to have an appreciable effect on his conduct as an official of the United States. But the third is a subtler thing than any vestigial remainder of a cruder age. Incidentally, it is by no means confined to Mormons. It is the totalitarian concept that men, by surrendering the direction of their thinking, as well as their conduct, to some exterior authority may escape the fearful burden of moral responsibility. If God cursed the Negro, the matter must be taken up with God; we can do nothing about it. Turner asserts that he

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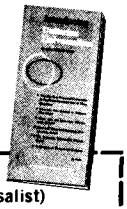

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Frederic Young *is a teacher in the New York State public school system.* Patrick Gallagher *is a professor of anthropology at George Washington University.*

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actually got that answer from a Mormon theologian.

The book is by no means a diatribe against Mormonism. Turner is indeed rather tiresomely insistent on the fine qualities of the Latter Day Saints, which makes his criticism the more effective. It is by no means a scholarly work. It is full of undocumented assertions, and it leans heavily on sources of doubtful authority. But it is highly informative, and some of its conclusions are strongly buttressed by facts of common knowledge.

THEATRE

Consensus Theatre

The Association of Producing Artists, accompanied by a guest producing artist named Helen Hayes, is now firmly ensconced at the Lyceum, after having collected a number of warm reviews from the New York newspapers and the mass magazines. Walter Kerr, for example, has called this group the finest repertory company in the country – a rather rash superlative for him,

School for Scandal
by Richard Sheridan
Right You Are If You Think You Are
by Luigi Pirandello
The APA Repertory Company
(Lyceum Theatre)
Yerma
by Federico García Lorca
The Repertory Theatre of
Lincoln Center
(Vivian Beaumont Theatre)

considering how little theatre he has visited outside of New York. I think it probable that Mr. Kerr would restrain his encomiums a little were he more familiar with the work of the Royal Shakespeare Company, the National Theatre of England, the Berliner Ensemble, the English Stage Company, the Royal Swedish Theatre, or the Piccolo Teatro Milano – perhaps his new responsibilities on the *Times* will lead him to investigate more what is happening off the Great White Way – but even by our own inferior national standards, the APA hardly merits such unstinting praise. Compared with the Theatre of Living Arts in Philadelphia, the APA lacks radical daring and a sense of exploration; compared with the Minnesota Theatre Company at the Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis, it lacks depth, energy, and range. I do not doubt the smoothness of its ensemble work, the technical facility of its individual actors, or the entertainment value of certain of its shows (particularly its light comedies), but I do not think the APA very often rises above the level of a provincial English rep.

Actually, the enthusiasm of Mr. Kerr and people like him suggests what certain elements in our theatre are demanding these days from permanent ensembles. The APA's appeal is to those who grow nostalgic over Maurice Evans-Judith Anderson-Margaret Webster Shakespeare, Broadway revivals of Wilde and Shaw, and Theatre Guild Pirandello. Mr. Kerr gives the show away when he praises the APA for making the audience forget it is seeing an old play, and for making the dialogue of Sheridan sound indistinguishable from Broadway conversation. Classics without tears! Polished, bland, effete, and harmless – utterly immune to the tensions of life or art – the APA is becoming a perfect candidate for an official American consensus theatre. One is not surprised to read that the company has been performing scenes for President Johnson at the White House or that Helen Hayes has been named (with Charlton Heston!) to the National Council for the Arts.

Just as Miss Hayes' appointment to this board suggests that America's love of art is less intense than its appetite for glamor, so her affiliation with the APA suggests that this company's affection for plays is less intense than its attraction to roles. To watch Miss Hayes come on in *School for Scandal*, simpering like a Midwestern matron on a New York shopping tour, or to watch her, in *Right You Are*, transforming the tragic Signora Frola into a mischievous Mrs. McThing, is to see an actress who never for a moment loses sight (out of the corner of her eye) of all those wonderful admirers in the audience. Miss Hayes is clearly delighted with herself for having condescended to play such relatively small parts; as compensation for this sacrifice, she is invariably placed upstage center at the apex of a triangle, and permitted a charming disregard for the values of the play, for the other performers, and for the character she is playing. There are good things in these productions, and occasional good performances – Donald Moffat, for example, is by contrast to Miss Hayes a serious actor seriously probing a role – but the general impression of the APA is of empty expertise. One begins to wonder if it is enough – at this point of crisis in our theatre – simply to mount a series of plays without identifying some larger meaning or purpose.

The limitations of the APA can be attributed to the fact that it is run by actors. The limitations of the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center have been attributed to the fact that it is run by intellectuals. However, if the APA has been producing uninteresting successes, it cannot be said that Lincoln Center has been producing interesting failures. Perhaps restrained by their environment, Blau and Irving have not been carefree or rash enough to do the kind of adventurous work they performed in San Francisco. Their productions have lacked precisely the kind of bold concept that distinguished their past activity, and one has finally been

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surprised not so much by a failure of craft as by a failure of mind.

The new production of *Yerma*, however, is something else again. Directed by John Hirsch, who is new to the company, and featuring two new actors, Gloria Foster and Frank Langella, it is, I think, a more respectable failure than we have become accustomed to at Lincoln Center, and one that holds out some possibility of hope. Savaged by reviewers, partly because they dislike the play (I'm not crazy about the work myself), it has sufficient distinction in the acting and direction to merit more attention. Americans get peculiar every time they pretend to be Spanish (look what happened to Hemingway's dialogue in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*), and there are enough flamenco dancers, musical comedy washerwomen with bared legs, and heavy religious rituals in the production to put one off *paella* for a lifetime. On the other hand, Miss Foster – despite a pronounced Southern intonation, occasionally jerky delivery, and a lot of difficulty with her dental consonants – is an actress of genuine tragic dimension who made me shiver at least twice in the course of the evening, and Mr. Langella has a dark dour quality that is arresting.

Like many homosexual writers, García Lorca is terribly preoccupied with fertility and sterility, and with the tragedy of not being able to have a child: *Yerma* revolves around a woman torn between her honor and her mother instinct. This is simply not enough to command your attention for an entire evening unless language alone can hold you, and Lorca's dramatic poetry, in W. S. Merwin's rich translation, is overly ripe and fruity. It was not until *The House of Bernarda Alba* that Lorca learned how dramatic poetry should be transmitted through action rather than words, and there he produced a masterpiece which I hope the hostility of journalists will not deter Lincoln Center from attempting some day. But I'm not sorry that *Yerma* was produced, and I'm very glad that Blau and Irving are beginning to add new voices to their company. If they can recover a little of their former boldness as well, they may yet help to stave off that looming consensus theatre which placates the palate while starving the soul, and thus deludes us into thinking we have a culture.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

The time has come,
the Phoenix said
to publish many things:
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the Negro and the court and,
from a Ghanian philosopher,
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Morgenthau Controversy

Sirs:

Reading the critical comments on the article I published in *The New Republic* on November 26, I am impressed by two facts: the inability to read what has been clearly written, and the imputation of hidden motives to the writer. I raised in the article a fundamental problem which was first raised by Plato and which was forty years ago discussed by Julien Benda with regard to the contemporary scene. I alluded to it from time to time in my writings long before our involvement in Vietnam. It is true that this involvement has brought the problem forcefully to my attention again. But certainly it never entered my mind to complain about the lack of academic support for the opposition to the war, knowing full well the strength of that opposition. Nor did it ever occur to me to question the integrity of all academic supporters of our policy in Vietnam. I respect those who honestly believe in the correctness of that policy and have debated with them in friendly fashion.

What I was aiming at can perhaps be best exemplified by an episode which occurred after I wrote the article. I met a friend of mine who had just returned from Vietnam and told me about his visit to an "interrogation center." A man was brought in on a stretcher who had been "interrogated" for two weeks and was obviously dying. He was asked whether he had anything to say, and he answered that if he had to do it again he would, whereupon he expired. "And our people were looking on?" I asked. "Looking on!", was the horrified answer. "Why don't you write an article and tell the American people the truth?", I said. "But I would then lose my connections with the government," was the answer. This is one of the points I was trying to make, and I still think it is a point worth making.

It is of course easy to gain an advantage in argument by presenting a caricature of the opinions against which one argues. This is Professor Urofsky's technique. For instance, I have nowhere said that "an intellectual is one who can never be concerned with power because of his dedication to truth." Nor have I said that "Johnson's sole aim in life . . . is the attainment of more and more power." I was dealing with ideal types in the Weberian sense and not with one-track abstractions. The statements attributed to me are of course utter nonsense, and thus it is not surprising that Professor Urofsky can make them appear so. I have nowhere equated "service to the administration by an intellectual to the betrayal by that person of his fellow academics." I have myself served a succession of administrations, this one included. Professor Urofsky writes: "In accepting the 'processes of government' and the 'framework within which that government operates', the intellectual is portrayed as having committed some sort of hypocritical and shameful deed." These are Professor Urofsky's words, not mine. I

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have never believed nor written such nonsense.

Professor Roche complains that I have "somehow failed to differentiate between" Breslin's and his own statements. I have done nothing of the kind, as anyone can ascertain who goes to the trouble of comparing my excerpts with the original article. In order to make sure that no such confusion may occur I have even inserted in the paragraph to which Professor Roche particularly objects the words "comments Mr. Breslin." Thus, if statements have been attributed to Mr. Roche which are not his own, he ought to complain to Mr. Breslin and not to me.

Hans J. Morgenthau
Chicago, Illinois

Book Page

Sirs:

Remembering how hard it is to write a weekly book page and keep it interesting, much less brilliant, I appreciate and admire the job that Stanley Kauffmann has been doing for *The New Republic*. His page on Malcolm Muggeridge (December 17) is one of the best. In the same issue "The One-Eyed Hawk," by Bernard B. Fall, is a model of documentation.

Malcolm Cowley
Sherman, Conn.

Who Gets in the Army?

Sirs:

In "Who Gets in the Army?" (November 5) Daniel P. Moynihan raises some fascinating points. For example, he finds that "A majority of the medical rejectees were manifestly victims of inadequate education and insufficient health services." Are we then to conclude that Negroes receive so much more or better educational and health services than whites? The fact is that whites have always had more than twice as high a *medical* rejection rate as Negroes, the most recent figures being 23.7 percent for whites, 10.1 percent for Negroes (*Supplement to Health of the Army*, Department of the Army, September 1966, Tables 2 and 3). To relate this to education and health services is certainly a new twist and I wish Mr. Moynihan would address himself to this question.

Why did Mr. Moynihan not comment on the interesting fact that though Negroes are represented in the Armed Forces overall roughly in their proportion to population (Army 13.9 percent, Air Force 10.7 percent, Navy 5.8 percent, Marines 9.0 percent) they constitute such a small percentage of the officers? (Negroes are 3.6 percent of Army officers, 1.6 percent, 0.3 percent, 0.3 percent respectively of Air Force, Navy and Marine officers – and this after 20 years of integration and objective (impartial) promotion procedures.)

Mr. Moynihan seems to blame all discrepancies on the schools: "Clearly the place to send children to public schools is the state of Washington or Minnesota. . . ." That sounds reasonable: *mental* rejection rates were 1.7 percent in Minnesota, 2.0 percent in Washington, as contrasted with 24.3 percent in Mississippi and 33.7 percent in South Carolina. But what is the explanation for the fact that the mental rejection rate was 9.3 times as high for Negroes as for whites in the state of Washington (13.9 percent vs. 1.5 percent) and 7.4 times as high in Minnesota, states which have not practiced segregation, have no concentration of Negroes nor run ghetto schools while the Negro mental rejection rate was only 5.2 times and 6.2 times respectively higher than the white rate in such stalwart segregation states as Mississippi and South Carolina? Nor can the white-Negro rate discrepancy in Washington and Minnesota be blamed on in-migration – because most service registrants had attended the schools in the states in which they took the tests – Minnesota having had only minimal in-migration and Washington having had little in the past 20 years.

Mr. Moynihan has expressed quite a few snap judgments and left too many crucial questions unanswered. I wish he'd answer at least those I asked.

Roger A. Freeman
The Hoover Institution
Stanford University

In reply:

I simply don't have the answers to the questions Mr. Freeman raises. I have for some time been puzzled by the seeming contradiction between the rejection rates for mental as against medical deficiencies. The white/Negro phenomenon to which Mr. Freeman alludes is, of course, also a regional phenomenon. Fourteen percent of South Carolinians examined in 1965 were rejected on medical grounds, as against 37.7 percent in Massachusetts.

At the time of President Kennedy's task force on Manpower Conservation (the summer and fall of 1963) I tried to get behind these data without much success. The most likely explanation seems to be that owing to pressure on medical examiners the men called up tend to be given the mental test first, and if they fail are not given the medical. But I don't know, and neither does the Defense Department. Obviously this is the kind of question that can be answered, and one of the purposes of my short article was to raise it.

On a different subject, am I mistaken in viewing Mr. Freeman's letter as yet another example of the bad manners that seem to be gaining fashion among

This was our June cover. You should have seen October's.

By Jerome Agel

While reviewers are praising for the umpteenth time the diary of a Swiss private and the history of glass design, we're reporting what's happening, what's really happening, baby. Like "The Boys of Boise," Idaho's homosexual scandals; For Hotch the Belle Tolls; The real message of "MacBird": "Don't jump on the RFK bandwagon"; Pamela Tiffin's College of One; New Journalists Replacing Old Novelists; LSD and the turned-on grandmother; "Ho Chi Minh's Daughter"; Capote pays up his Tynan bet. Our name is BOOKS, the lively monthly for the very lively reader. Every issue is an unpredictable experience. Says Newsweek: "BOOKS has a talent for first-rate scoops." Broadway-London playwright: "Every issue is like a great night in the theater." Captain of industry: "Gives me ideas." Princeton prof: "BOOKS is fantastically imaginative, entertaining. Put me down for two more gift subscriptions." Manhattan femme fatale: "Reading BOOKS is like living with someone you love. You're beautiful." Our widely quoted, exclusive Cocktail Party column makes news: Jeane Dixon, the seer, told us: "Governor Wallace would make a good President." Marshall McLuhan said: "Art is anything you can get away with." News, seminal ideas, layouts available nowhere else. Plus plus plus. Scoop scoop scoop. There is something new under the fun sun: Us—BOOKS. See for yourself.

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American academics? Was it not possible to raise the questions he did without seeming to accuse me either of imbecility or of suppressing evidence?

Incidentally, Mr. Freeman is quite wrong in his facts. 15.7 percent of Negroes are rejected on medical grounds: 10.1 percent on those alone, and 5.6 percent for both medical and mental deficiencies. The combined white rate is 25.5 percent (23.7 percent plus 1.8 percent). This is made quite clear in the table Mr. Freeman cites. One hopes the other statistics cited by members of the Hoover Institution achieve a higher degree of elementary accuracy than he seems to manage, and one dares to think his other colleagues might show a bit more concern for moderation in public debate.

Daniel P. Moynihan
Cambridge, Mass.

Desegregated Housing

Sirs:

There's no denying that Harlem's roof tops present a bleak view from Morningside Heights. Two social workers of Columbia, Frances Fox Piven and Richard A. Cloward, ("Desegregated Housing: Who Pays the Reformers' Ideal?", December 17) tell us that if only the "liberals" would keep their big mouths shut about integration the outlook could be improved. Their article fairly crackles with the frustration compressed of close experience with the hardships of this dismal situation. However, there can be no moratorium on advocacy and effort for integrated housing; this is not just a part of the tactics (which of course can and will vary) of Negro opportunity, but an integral [sic] part and parcel of the fundamental principles upon which the civil rights movement is erected.

Nor are various elements in the struggle for elevating Negro opportunities (legal rights and job training are mentioned) mutually exclusive alternatives. Without pressing those things that give Negroes greater personal mobility – legally and economically, significant housing improvement cannot succeed. As Alexander Bickel pointed out (*NR*, May 21), the legal status of Negro housing rights is now most ambiguous at the Federal level with the 1962 Kennedy Executive Order almost countermanded by a feature of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. . . . A lot of housing needs to be built in this country within the next few years, and, as a matter of fact, a substantial part of whatever is built is not going to be occupied on an integrated basis. Agreed, we need more public and other low-rental housing, but basic to this is a need to have a larger, much larger volume of housing of all types built. Housing production now is a disaster and we'll be years making up the low volumes of 1966 through at least 1968. The toll of low production falls most heavily on those most poorly accommodated. No pussyfooting on rights is going to end the war in Vietnam which is channeling billions away from social amelioration, lower mortgage interest rates, nor stabilize the risky building industry creating an economic climate conducive to revolutionizing its methods.

"Separate but equal" is a dead letter. Yet these authors advocate pursuading the "reformers . . . to forfeit for a time the ideal of desegregation" in order to build a little new housing in the ghettoes, an expedient lacking even the outrageous moral certitude of Dr. Verwoerd. Such a Faustian bargain won't work. . . . Integration in housing is not just fuzzy idealism, but a practical necessity if there are to be more housing units for Negroes to occupy. As these authors aptly point out, renewal has torn down more housing than it has built. Therefore, to get enough space to build more, it is not only necessary to skip out of the ghetto, but to take some discrete leaps into suburbia. Now to do this is another story; however, building in or onto the edge of the slums is not, except in occasional unusual cases, going to add low-income units to the total supply.

Arthur L. Grey, Jr.
Department of Urban Planning
University of Washington

NEXT WEEK

A Sense of Disproportion

by Pauline Kael

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Kauffmann, *from page 33*

not unflinching. He reveals enough ambivalence to make him both human and superhuman. The latter is shown in his persistence, the former in such a passage as that to his brother in 1906 after yet another postponement of the publication of *Dubliners:*

> "You cannot imagine I want to continue writing at present. I have written quite enough and before I do any more in that line I must see some reason why – I am not a literary Jesus Christ."

Of course he continued without much "reason why." Although *Chamber Music* was published the following year, *Dubliners* did not appear until 1914, and in the interim he completed *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.* (It seems relevant also to note the health of the man who accomplished the work of Joyce's lifetime. In addition to bouts of rheumatic fever, sciatica, lumbago, and assorted other ailments, he underwent eleven eye operations in twelve years. Admiration is dumb.)

Much has been made adversely of the sexuality of some of the letters from Joyce to his wife when they were separated for a time in 1909, but after all, even though it was 1909, she was his bedmate and he was not writing for publication. In fact, the sexual elements in these letters, far from shocking, are among the most interesting in Eliot's sense – tracing relations between original materials and their use in art. As Ellmann points out, Joyce was economical of phrases: when he liked a phrase in one of his letters, he sometimes saved it and used it in a story or a novel. (And there is some suggestion in Nora's unpunctuated letters of the style of Molly Bloom's final soliloquy.) There is certainly a touch of sadism in these sexual letters to Nora; he must have had foreknowledge of the shock they would cause this simple girl – not the acts themselves, which presumably she knew, but the fact of describing them. There was also some masochism because he must have known he would regret shocking her; he seems almost to anticipate the torment of contrition

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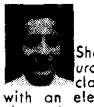
Here are a few unsolicited fan letters from erstwhile doubting Thomases who became solid ACCUMEN partisans. How about you?

Harold Parker, Box 67, Vanceburg, Kentucky
Truly outstanding—beats anything made in this country. I never even use a mirror with the ACCUMEN, because I can actually **hear** when I have a perfect shave. Please send two additional shavers as gifts to friends.



Joel Adler, 2635 Haring Street, Brooklyn, New York
Shaving with the ACCUMEN is a pleasurable experience. I now realize that a close, non-irritating shave is possible with an electric. The formidable powerplant, if charged overnight, lasts for two weeks of shaves.

Roger P. Siegel, 2036 E. 22nd Street, Cleveland, Ohio
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Harry L. Hooker, Box 11, Glasgo, Connecticut
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Rev. Wm. H. Hohman, Pastor, Alliance, Ohio
Please send me another ACCUMEN Shaver. This is the third one I have ordered—my friends seem to like them too much. If this keeps up I might become your East Coast representative.

Robert Buckner, 818 N. Doheny Drive, Los Angeles 69, California
There is only one word for the ACCUMEN—"superb". Please send me another one. I want it for my son's birthday.

L. D. Myrah, Williamson Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio
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that followed. The entire action seems part of his probing of the boundaries of verbal permissibility and sexual truth, as well as an exploration of Nora's emotional-psychological core. Many years later, in the letter already referred to, Jung wrote to him about *Ulysses:*

> "The 40 pages of non stop run in the end is a string of veritable psychological peaches. I suppose the devil's grandmother knows so much about the real psychology of a woman. I didn't."

Here, in these letters written 12 years before the novel was completed, we can see Joyce making his way toward Molly through Nora. This is not to say that these letters were merely or sheerly artistic experiments, that Joyce, the man, did not enjoy and suffer in them; but the enjoyment and the remorse are precisely the point.

A friend said recently that if such a work as *My Secret Life* had been generally available in Joyce's day, it would have made much of Joyce's work unnecessary. This seems to me to deny the essence of Joyce's art. His censorship troubles would have been easier in those highly hypothetical circumstances, but his work would essentially have remained the same. The purpose of *My Secret Life* – and of most pornographic fiction as well – is to emphasize a division in life. Joyce's purpose surely was to emphasize that life is indivisible.

Having pushed the novel (in *Ulysses*) to new limits in compass and in what may be called cargo-carrying power, he then proceeded to push further: to cease trying to expand the traditional novel or anything like it; to make a new art. This further struggle divorced him – at least for a time – from two of his strongest supporters. In 1924, after reading the first instalment of *Finnegans Wake,* his brother Stanislaus wrote him:

> "It is unspeakably wearisome . . . I for one would not read more than a paragraph of it, if I did not know you."

And after reading another section, Ezra Pound grumbled on paper:

> "Doubtless there are patient souls who will wade through anything for the sake of the possible joke . . . but . . . having no inkling whether the purpose of the author is to amuse or instruct. . . . And in any case I don't see what which has to do with where. . . ."

Joyce's replies to these letters, if he made any, are not included. The reply he might have made is in a letter that Proust wrote a decade earlier about his own lonely expedition:

> "There is a plane geometry and a geometry of space. And so for me the novel is not only plane psychology but psychology in space and time. That invisible substance, time, I try to isolate. But in order to do this it was essential that the experience be continuous. I hope that by the end of my book what I have tried to do will be understandable. . . ."

The twenty-fifth anniversary of Joyce's death has been observed by Indiana University Press with the publication of a collection of seven critical essays edited by Thomas F. Staley.* For me, the most rewarding of the group is William Blissett's investigation of the influence of Wagner on Joyce. The book and the anniversary reminded me that I had visited Joyce's grave in Zurich in 1960. (The custodian in the Fluntern cemetery office had evidently been asked the way to the grave often enough to remember it without reference to files. *"Ja, ja,"* he recollected knowledgeably in answer to my question, *"der englische Schriftsteller."* Joyce would have loved *that.*)

At the grave, with its simple flat stone, I thought of a passage in Stanislaus' book. He was 13 at the time he writes of, and James was 16:

> "One afternoon comes back to me distinctly, the afternoon when Ibsen's *Master Builder* arrived from Heinemann's in William Archer's translation. . . . It was an event; and my brother stayed up that night to read the play. In the morning I must have been the first to come down for I found the large armchair pulled near to the extinguished hearth and the table to the armchair. The lamp had been pulled to the edge of the table so that the table-cover drooped on the floor. The whole room bore witness that he had read late into the night. My brother had been keeping vigil to hear the message from Norway of the younger generation that sooner or later comes knocking at the door."

It is a vivid little glimpse: the beginning of the journey that had led to this hillside.

* *James Joyce Today.* Edited with a Preface by Thomas F. Staley (Indiana University Press; $5).

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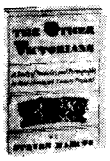

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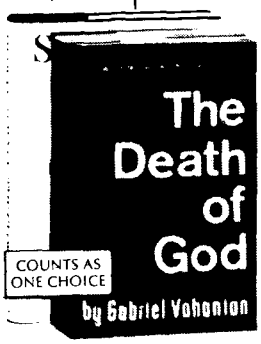

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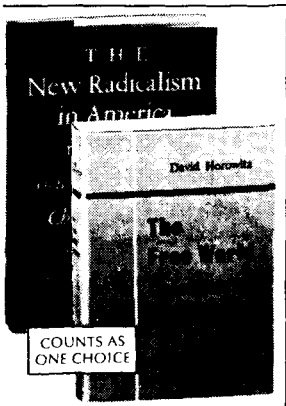

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